The Outlook

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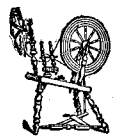

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New York City Stocks, at market value,	1,683,000.00
Railroad and other Bonds and Stocks, at market value,	7,295,498.47
Real Estate,	1,010,720.07
Bonds and Mortgages,	255,996.69
Amount Loaned on Collateral,	35,012,598.15
Cash on hand and in Bank,	11,388,079.67
Miscellaneous Securities, accrued interest, rents, etc.,	424,694.37
	$61,125,647.42

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock,	$1,000,000.00
Surplus Undivided Profits,	6,440,248.60
Deposits in Trust,	53,472,209.82
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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Attempt at Assassination

By Monday of this week the deep suspense of the country over its President hanging between life and death at Buffalo was changed to a strong and reasonable hope. The bulletins from the surgeons in attendance became more and more favorable as Sunday passed by and no unfavorable symptoms developed, and the wounded President began to take nourishment and to have natural sleep. That complications may arise from blood-poisoning is always possible in cases like this, and it has been evident from the first that the wound was of a severe and dangerous character. At this writing, however, the people of the United States, who on Sunday had been, without regard to party or opinions, anxiously and fearfully awaiting possible ill news, and through the churches and in all possible private ways expressing their sympathy for the President and detestation of the crime, begin to feel that the strain of doubt may be relieved within a very few days, and that there will not be a repetition of the long and sickening vibration between hope and fear which marked the suffering of President Garfield. Mr. McKinley, for a man fifty-eight years old, has a fine constitution, and the soldier-like calmness and strength which his clear mind and strong nerve brought to bear on the situation have made him almost an ideal patient. Another most happy circumstance has been the celerity with which highly skilled medical and surgical assistance was placed at his disposal, and the promptness of the important operation. Unlike President Garfield's case, the presence of the bullet is not likely to be a dangerous condition, and President McKinley has already gained some strength to enable him to meet the dangers of peritonitis should that occur, of which there is as we write no sign. The advances in surgical science make it possible to treat a wound like this—a double perforation of the stomach but not of the intestines—with a directness that would have seemed marvelous to the surgeons of twenty years ago. All things considered, even the not improbable occurrence of less favorable symptoms would not be necessarily fatal, and every day's absence of such symptoms increases the likelihood of ultimate recovery. The testimony of medical experts is that at least half of the cases of this general character recover, and where the immediate shock and strain of the operation are withstood as well as they have been here the chances are increased immensely.

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The Deed

The attack upon the President and the seizure of his assailant took place so almost instantaneously that even accounts from near eye-witnesses differ in detail. Some three thousand persons had crowded into the beautiful Temple of Music at Buffalo on Friday afternoon to see the President. A general introduction of the President to the assembly had been made; a recital of organ music was going on. A line had been formed and was passing before Mr. McKinley and President Milburn of the Exposition at about four o'clock. Near by were policemen and detectives in plain clothes who scrutinized the people, looking with special care, as is customary, at the position of their right hands. In the line just behind a little girl who was cordially greeted by the President came a young, smooth-faced workingman of foreign type, not, if one may judge by the photographs, of peculiarly repulsive or degenerate cast of features, but not notably intelligent in appearance. His right hand was wrapped in a handkerchief, as though injured—not an uncommon thing to see in any large crowd; indeed, a

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man with a similar bandage had preceded him in the line. The story that a black-browed Italian immediately preceded the assassin and retained the President's hand to give his accomplice time for the deed seems to be unconfirmed, and it may be said now that at this writing there appears absolutely no evidence of active complicity on the part of any one. As the President leaned forward to grasp the young man's left hand, the assassin raised his right hand, dropped the bandage, and fired two shots in close succession; the first struck the breast-bone and glanced off, inflicting only a flesh wound; the second bullet penetrated the stomach through the abdomen, passed upward, and is probably lodged in the muscles of the back. All accounts agree that the President acted with intrepidity and calmness, and that his first thought was for his invalid wife and that she should not be told of the event. His second thought, according to most accounts, was of his dastardly assailant, who had been instantly seized by a burly negro who followed him in the line and by the detectives, and was badly handled by the infuriated bystanders—"Let no one hurt him," the President said, and fell half fainting into a chair. Later, as he was being carried to Mr. Milburn's house after the operation, Mr. McKinley expressed his sorrow at having been a cause of trouble to the Exposition. Thus we have the affecting fact that in the shock and danger of impending death Mr. McKinley's thoughts and words were all for the feeling and sorrow of others. An operation was performed at six o'clock in the hospital of the Exposition, the openings in the stomach were closed, and the group of eminent surgeons—Dr. Roswell Park, Dr. M. D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter, Dr. Herman Mynter, Dr. Rixey, the President's personal physician, and others—declared that from the surgical point of view the operation was a success. By half-past seven Mr. McKinley was quietly resting at Mr. Milburn's house. Following the President's own injunctions, Mrs. McKinley, who is always an invalid and has lately been in less than her ordinary health, was not told the full story of the assault, and in so far as possible she was shielded from shock in every way.

The Assailant The young man who committed this atrocious and murderous assault had no personal grievance. He at first gave his name as Frank Neeman, later as Leon F. Czolgosz. He is of Polish descent, but of American birth. His mother, who, with other relatives, seems strangely callous at the infamous notoriety of her son, declares that he has always been considered of weak intellect, but the care with which his scheme was planned and carried out indicate sanity and intelligence. He is regarded by the physicians and police authorities as in full possession of his wits and as morally and mentally responsible. The sole inciting reason for his crime, he says, is his belief in Anarchism and his wish to do something to prove his devotion to "the cause." He flatly denies having had any aid or instigation further than the violent diatribes of such Anarchistic agitators as Emma Goldman, whom he particularly names. This Goldman woman is an ignorant, voluble, raving lecturer, whose addresses counsel violence in reckless but general terms, and she is regarded by theoretical Anarchists, and even by such men as John Most, as voicing nothing but her own vicious desire for notoriety. Czolgosz listened to Emma Goldman and read Anarchistic papers in Western cities; he has lived in Detroit, Chicago, and Cleveland, and his relations with Anarchist societies in these places are being fully investigated. The authorities seem to believe in the existence of a plot, but it may be pointed out that the greatest danger from "force Anarchists" is the diabolical cunning which puts in place of the old-fashioned plots and conspiracies the incitement to the individual Anarchist to "do a deed" entirely on his own initiative and without consultation with others. As the crime was committed in New York State, Czolgosz will not be tried by a Federal Court, but by the courts of the State, which provide a punishment of ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for an unsuccessful attempt to murder, while the United States statute only provides for three years' imprisonment. The suggestion has been made that it may well be worth while to place under Federal law the protection of the President and the punishment of an assailant, without regard to where the President may

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happen to be when an assault takes place. An offense of this kind is an offense against the whole people, and it would be most consonant with the dignity of the Nation that trial and punishment should be had before a Federal court, rather than be left to possible prejudice and conceivable stupidity of a local court in perhaps some outlying and not fully settled part of the land. If such a law were to be adopted it might rightly increase the sentence for attempts at murder, which now under the Federal statute seems inadequate. Czolgosz is twenty-eight years of age, a Russian Pole; his parents came here forty years ago; he attended school in Detroit; he has been a workman in wire-mills; some accounts say he has kept a saloon. He asserts repeatedly that Emma Goldman preached that all rulers should be exterminated, that her words "burned me up," and that his deed was the direct effect of the words. If this is so, it seems to many that the Goldman woman has made herself liable to the law as an inciter of assassination, even though she did not urge the murder of an individual by name.

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The World's Sympathy

Not in this country alone but from every part of the civilized world have poured messages of sympathy, words of appreciation of Mr. McKinley's worth and character, and denunciations of the crime of the wild and vicious assailant. King Edward, the Emperor William, and the Queen Regent of Spain, our so recent enemy, employ identical language in expressing their horror at the "dastardly attempt;" cable messages have thronged in from every quarter of Europe. The English and Continental press unite in presaging future united or at least simultaneous action by the nations of the world to combat the common danger, Anarchism. American statesmen and preachers in numbers urge that National legislation at least try to frame measures which may distinguish license from liberty. There has been a notably general expression of the belief that our Presidents should no longer be exposed to the danger—to say nothing of the tax on strength—involved of necessity in shaking hands with immense crowds of people. Another significant statement brought out is that from Scotland Yard, London, to the effect that there has been a steady stream of European Anarchists flowing toward the United States for the last year. The utterances and the prayers from the pulpits of the country were of course unanimous in abhorrence of the crime and in sincerity of longing for the preservation of the President's life. In Westminster Abbey Canon Duckworth said: "Within the walls of this very abbey, which is as much beloved by our brethren across the sea as by ourselves, we are daily offering prayers to God that in his mercy he will spare the precious life that is so cruelly threatened. We do not forget that outburst of sympathy which came to us across the Atlantic a few months ago on the occasion of our great national sorrow. Now we offer to our brethren in their sorrow sympathy which is no less tender than true." The Pope declared: "Mr. McKinley is a model man and President. Whoever strikes such a man is a madman or a depraved offender." President Eliot, of Harvard, in an interview said: "Anarchists are enemies of social order, and with a seeming disregard of their own lives will strike at rulers of nations on every occasion, not caring if the ruler has come in his position by the fortune of birth or because of election by his countrymen. . . . We in the United States are particularly open to the attacks of assassins because of the freedom of approach to our high officials."

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President McKinley's Latest Speech

The day before the assault on President McKinley he delivered an address at the Pan-American Exposition which marks, more distinctly than any address before delivered by him, his desire to see the Republican party initiate an international industrial policy in conformity with its policy of political expansion. In this address he speaks, as is his wont, in somewhat general terms, yet they are so explicit that it is impossible to misunderstand their significance. The kernel of this speech will be found in the following paragraphs taken from it:

> A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and

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buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

If this requires a modification of our protective system, why not modify it? Why should it not "be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad"? Industrial expansion will require new lines of steamships, especially for Pan-American commerce, which must be carried on in ships "under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans." It will also require an Isthmian canal "which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico." The President does not say, as we wish that he did, that this canal must also be "under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans." With much, perhaps with all of this address, The Outlook heartily agrees —with all of it, if it does not imply governmental subsidies to privately owned steamship lines, to which we are unalterably opposed. We heartily agree that the "period of exclusiveness is past;" and though we should favor a much more radical freedom of trade than the President here outlines, we favor such freedom as probably the best and certainly the most practicable step toward one much larger. The address throughout is characteristic of the President's temper: his desire for commercial peace; his deprecation of commercial wars; his frank recognition that changed circumstances call for a change in policy; his proposed modification of the protection principle without exciting apprehension by formally proposing to abandon it altogether; his opportune hitting upon the occasion of the Pan-American Exposition as the time and place for the exposition of this doctrine of reciprocity; and his conservative rebuke of the pseudo-conservatism which desires to "repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing," all admirably illustrate some of the chief elements of his strength as a political leader.

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Mr. Roosevelt's Minneapolis Address: I. The Strenuous Life

A comparison of President McKinley's Pan-American address with that delivered by Vice-President Roosevelt at Minneapolis four days before is interesting and instructive. Mr. Roosevelt is more forceful but not more radical than President McKinley; more inspiring, but less persuasive. President McKinley's address is distinctly more commercial in tone, Vice-President Roosevelt's more heroic, so that it may be regarded as an exposition of his favorite text—"a strenuous life." The life of high endeavor, he declares, and this is the theme of his speech, is the only life worth living. "The willfully idle man, like the willfully barren woman, has no place in a sane, healthy, and vigorous community." "As infinitely the happiest woman is she who has borne and brought up many healthy children, so infinitely the happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work." National prosperity depends upon individual character, which law may promote or prevent, but never by itself produce. In our more complex civilization "in a constantly increasing number of cases we shall find it necessary to shackle cunning as in the past we have shackled force;" and the Nation must possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations; "the right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint; but it should exist so that it may be invoked if the need arises." The same spirit of strenuous endeavor should characterize the Nation as the individual. We cannot shirk our world duties without dishonor. "Good people seek to deter us from treading the hard but lofty duty by bidding us remember that all nations that have achieved greatness . . . have in the end passed away. So they have,

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so have all others." But they have left, as did Rome, for instance, a noble legacy behind them for the future nations, while the lazy and supine have scarcely left even a name. If we are to perform our duty in the world, we must be able to make good our words; "we must use no words that we are not prepared to back up with deeds;" a principle which Mr. Roosevelt specially applies to the Monroe Doctrine in the following words:

This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe Doctrine. There is not the least need of blustering about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American State. But, most emphatically, we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the old American position. Indeed, it is hard to understand how any man can take any other position now that we are all looking forward to the building of the Isthmian canal. The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be. All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent; and the Spanish-American States should, in their own interests, champion it as strongly as we do. We do not by this doctrine intend to sanction any policy of aggression by one American commonwealth at the expense of any other, nor any policy of commercial discrimination against any foreign power whatsover. Commercially, as far as this doctrine is concerned, all we wish is a fair field and no favor; but if we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatsoever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement on American soil by any European power, and this no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take.

He thinks that there is little danger of any complication with any foreign power; but to avoid any complication we must remember that "we can best get justice by doing justice." We must maintain our protective policy, but in so doing we must also remember that "benefits must be given when benefits are sought;" and "through treaty or by direct legislation, it may, at least in certain cases, become advantageous to supplement our present policy by a system of reciprocal benefit and obligation."

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Vice-President Roosevelt's Address: II. Expansion

On the subject of expansion Mr. Roosevelt repeats substantially what he has said before. Expansion of some sort has been the characteristic of American history. It involves risks, but the Americans are not afraid to run risks. No people capable of developing self-government have anything to fear from us. Our treatment of Cuba illustrates this. We have given the Cubans freedom, established law and order in Cuba, secured for them sanitary well-being, done all at great expense, and asked nothing in return "save that at no time shall their independence be prostituted to the advantage of some foreign rival of ours, so as to menace our well-being." Our course in the Philippines he regards as equally a matter for National pride. For the suppression of the Filipinos' revolt he offers no apologies; he justifies it on the broad ground that it is the duty of civilized nations to destroy barbarism. What he says on this subject is so admirably said and so in consonance with the principles which The Outlook has been advocating that we report it nearly entire:

Barbarism has and can have no place in a civilized world. It is our duty toward the people living in barbarism to see that they are freed from their chains, and we can only free them by destroying barbarism itself. The missionary, the merchant, and the soldier may each have to play a part in this destruction, and in the consequent uplifting of the people. Exactly as it is the duty of a civilized power scrupulously to respect the rights of all weaker civilized powers and gladly to help those who are struggling towards civilization, so it is its duty to put down savagery and barbarism. As in such a work human instruments must be used, and as human instruments are imperfect, this means that at times there will be injustice; that at times merchant, or soldier, or even missionary may do wrong. Let us instantly condemn and rectify such wrong when it occurs, and if possible punish the wrongdoer. But shame, thrice shame to us, if we are so foolish as to make such occasional wrongdoing an excuse for failing to perform a great and righteous task. Not only in our own land, but throughout the world, throughout all history, the advance of civilization has been of incalculable benefit to mankind, and those through whom it has advanced deserve the highest honor. All honor to the missionary, all honor to the soldier, all honor to the merchant who now in our day have done so much to bring light into the world's dark places.

The work thus begun in the Philippines by our soldiers, and now being carried forward "under the wise administration of Governor Taft," giving to the islands "a peace and liberty of which they never even dreamed," must be carried on to its completion. "We shall make mistakes; and if we let these mistakes frighten us

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from our work, we shall show ourselves weaklings." In the past "we have made many blunders and have been guilty of many shortcomings, and yet in the end we have always come out victorious, because we have refused to be daunted by blunders and defeats—have recognized them, but persevered in spite of them. So it must be in the future." The Outlook gives so much space to this address because it may fairly be taken as an expression, not only of the Vice-President's faith, but of the faith of the young Republicans of the West, whom he, probably better than any other man, represents. If we couple his more virile and heroic speech with the more conservative and commercial speech of the President, they may be taken together as defining the policy of the Republican party somewhat as follows: At home, individual liberty, under such regulation of law as will protect not only the weak from the strong, but the unwise from the cunning, and the individual from practical despotism by great organizations; abroad, the continuance of the present policy of expansion, involving an Isthmian canal; a practical protectorate over South American Republics; the maintenance of our sovereignty in the Philippines, despite mistakes and shortcomings; such modification of our tariff system as may be required from time to time in order to promote commercial internationalism; and some measures to promote an American merchant marine to carry our American foreign commerce in American ships and under American control. We here simply define this policy; we do not discuss it.

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The Strike's Approaching End

Last week the steel strikers lost strength. A good many men came out in sympathy with them at the supposedly anti-union stronghold at Duquesne, but not enough to close the great plant there. The Labor Day demonstration at Pittsburg failed to add to their numbers, and the speeches made—or at least those reported—were not such as to inspire confidence in the success of the strike. Particularly futile was the recommendation of the attorney of the Amalgamated Association that Mr. Morgan and his associates could be brought to terms if union men and their sympathizers would withdraw their deposits from the savings banks. It is indeed true, as the speaker declared, that the one billion dollars in gold in this country would hardly begin to pay off the two and a half billions on deposit in savings banks, but it is not true that the bulk of these deposits belong to workingmen. This is an oft-exposed fallacy which has been kept alive by the efforts of some writers to exaggerate the prosperity of the working classes. These classes do constitute the majority of the depositors, but the bulk of the deposits belong to the well-to-do classes, many of whose members carry large deposits in several banks, and even several deposits in the same bank. Even were it true that the workingmen held a third of the deposits, their simultaneous action to secure a universal panic would be more difficult to arrange than the universal adoption of Volapuk. At various mills in the vicinity of Pittsburg the company claimed steady progress in securing new hands, and at McKeesport it reopened an important mill, having first secured the protection of a large squad of deputy sheriffs. The Mayor of the city protested against this employment of deputy sheriffs on the ground that no disorder was threatened, that the employment of sheriffs would simply give apparent support to the libels upon McKeesport published in the "Eastern press," and that the low character of the deputies engaged made them a source of danger instead of security. It is to be said for the Amalgamated Association that its members and sympathizers offered no physical resistance to the coming in of the new men. Thus far the strike has been singularly free from disorder. There is a good prospect that it may end with this record, for last week's negotiations for settlement bid fair to yield results. The exact terms offered by President Schwab and his associates to the committee composed of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, President Mitchell, of the Mine Workers' Union, and others, have not been officially made public, but there is reason to credit the report that the two labor leaders mentioned favor its acceptance. Spokesmen for the trust say that President Schwab offered to sign the scale for all the mills which the union has closed—a much

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greater concession than was generally expected—but spokesmen for the union who oppose the acceptance of this offer say that it defines those mills only as "closed" in which everybody has quit. Apparently the union is holding out to get better terms for its members in the partially closed mills. Meanwhile nearly half of the union lodge at Milwaukee has voted to go back to work, and unless the strike is settled it seems likely to disintegrate.

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The Ethics of Loot An interesting discussion has been called out by the reported offer to the Metropolitan Museum of New York of a present to consist of a collection of fine Chinese porcelain known to have been looted from palaces in Peking. It is evident that secondary moral responsibility must stop somewhere, but if the circumstances alleged in the present case are true, the reported unwillingness of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum to receive such a gift, if it should be offered, will meet with general approval. We have no direct knowledge whatever of the facts, but report the allegations of the press because if they are untrue—as we certainly hope they are—explanations should be had, in justice to the persons named in the transaction. The story states that this particular collection of porcelains consists in the main part of extremely valuable and rare specimens which were the property of Yen-Li-Sen, the Chinese Imperial Treasurer. Now it is a well-known fact that this Chinese official was not only not concerned in the attacks on foreigners, but he put forth earnest efforts to protect the foreigners during the Boxer troubles. Indeed, it is beyond question that his death, one of atrocious cruelty and of personal degradation, was ordered by Prince Tuan in punishment for the Treasurer's defense of foreigners. That the palace of such a man should be subject to loot by the representatives of the very foreigners whose lives he had saved seems incredible. The story, however, goes further than this, and declares that the looting was done by a minister of the Gospel, the Roman Catholic Bishop Favier, who, it is said, having an exquisite knowledge of porcelain, selected all the finest specimens. From Bishop Favier, according to the story, the articles passed either by direct purchase or through auction sales to Mr. Squier, the United States Secretary of Legation. Mr. Squier is sending the collection, which is said to fill several railway cars, to this country, and the rumor that he intended to offer all or part of the collection to the Metropolitan Museum has called out the discussion to which we have referred. Whatever may be said as to the propriety or impropriety of a museum accepting gifts which were at one time obtained by plunder and have since passed through several hands, all Americans will join in the hope that American representatives in China may be cleared of any part or lot in such a transaction as has just been described.

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The Disturbances in South America Three events of importance occurred last week in the quarrel between Venezuela and Colombia. The first was the advance of troops from Ecuador toward the Venezuelan border. Two or three small war vessels belonging to Ecuador are also, it is alleged, moving toward the coast of Venezuela. Naturally, the active participation of Ecuador in the impending war is of serious import. Confused accounts of fighting between bodies of Colombian and Venezuelan soldiers are not to be accepted until confirmed by further news. The second event of importance was the bombarding on Saturday by a Venezuelan fleet of Rio Hacha, a town on the north coast of Colombia. This seems to be the first overt act of war. The third event of importance was the publication of a message or letter from Secretary Hay, of our State Department, to President Castro, of Venezuela. This letter does not amount to intervention, as some papers ill informed in international usages assume. It is merely a plain and clear statement of the position of the United States in regard to the neutrality of the Panama Isthmus. The right of the United States to intervene in case the neutrality of the Isthmus or the safety of railway transport across the Isthmus is threatened rests upon a treaty between Colombia and the United States. Secretary Hay declares that the United States would sincerely deplore a

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breach of amicable relations between any of the South American nations, and would especially regret the necessity of any action by one of those nations which would constrain the Government of the United States to put in motion its functions defined under the existing treaty with Colombia. Accordingly, there is a suggestion, rather than an offer, that the United States would be pleased to undertake to arrange any differences between Colombia and Venezuela; but, of course, only with the acquiescence of both parties. This is in fact a diplomatic offer of mediation, and, as coming from the most important American power, is one that should be welcome to the contending nations. Colombia, indeed, has already intimated its desire to accept the peaceful intervention of this country, and is no doubt in earnest in its hope that war with Venezuela will be averted. Venezuela holds a more aggressive attitude and seems not to wish mediation. As we have before pointed out, the real cause of war is the sympathy between the liberals or anti-clericals in Venezuela with the similar party in Colombia, who now comprise the insurgent element, led by Uribe-Uribe. The position taken by Secretary Hay is beyond criticism. The Monroe Doctrine has no application to the case in point, and the attempt of some foreign papers to bring it into the dispute is totally without reason. A proclamation has been issued by Venezuela, but as it was not put forth in the form of an identical letter to the Powers, or sent through the regular diplomatic channels, it may be regarded as merely a statement of the Venezuelan case. Both Colombia and Venezuela claim vigorously that the hostilities have been precipitated by the opposing nation, and it is difficult at this distance to decide who is the aggressor, or to distinguish between acts of the Government and unauthorized expeditions from the territory of the one nation into that of the other. At present there appears to be no serious disturbance on the Isthmus, the fighting, such as it is, being confined to the borderland between the two countries involved, or to mountainous regions in the interior. That our Government, under its treaty with New Granada, now Colombia, has the right to preserve peace and equity on the Isthmus is beyond question.

The Embassy of Expiation If it is true, as reports from China continue to maintain, that the Emperor of Germany originally demanded as a requisite of the mission of expiation from China that the Chinese imperial officers should kotow before Emperor William as they would do on state occasions to the Emperor of China, then it is also true that the Chinese may regard the waiving of the proposed ridiculous ceremony as the equivalent of a triumph for China. The Chinese are peculiarly susceptible on points like these, and, as Prince Chun is the Emperor's brother, there is some probability in the statement that the postponement of the signing of the protocol of peace at Peking was caused by the discussion on the ceremony of expiation. What happened at Berlin last week was that the Chinese Imperial Envoy was received at Potsdam by the Emperor, and that all the preliminary ceremonies were so arranged as to indicate coldness and severity—thus, no military salute was accorded to the Chinese Imperial Envoy on entering, the buttons and epaulets of the Emperor's uniform were covered with crape, and the suite of Prince Chun were not allowed to enter the throne-room. After Prince Chun had read his statement and the Emperor had replied, the severity was relaxed, and from that point on the Chinese members of the mission were treated with courtesy and received many social attentions. The letter from the Chinese Emperor to the Emperor William expressed deep regret at the murder of Baron von Ketteler, and added, "We were not in a position to take due protective measures, a fact that was painful to our sense of responsibility." Moreover, the letter declares that "feelings of penitence and shame still deeply animate us." It is notorious that the Chinese Emperor personally was averse to any anti-foreign action, and as official cognizance cannot be taken of the fact that the Chinese Emperor is really a dummy in the hands of the all-powerful Empress, it would certainly seem that the apology made was sufficiently humiliating and acceptable. In his reply the German Emperor branded the killing of the German Minister as infamous by international law and the usage of all nations, recognized the personal freedom from guilt of the Chinese

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Emperor, and warned the guilty advisers and the Chinese Government to conduct themselves with circumspection hereafter under penalty of severe measures. At Peking the protocol was finally signed on Saturday last by Prince Ching and Li-Hung-Chang. The foreign troops are to evacuate the palaces, temples, and public places by September 17.

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A Good Example

The people of Minneapolis were astonished a short time ago when John Lind asserted that his only political ambition was to become an Alderman of that city. The reporter to whom the statement was made was surprised into asking if it was a joke, the papers announced the fact in double-column scare-heads, the politicians laughed knowingly and other people smiled incredulously when they heard of it. John Lind served in Congress as a Republican. Later he became the leader of the Silver Republicans in Minnesota, and in 1898 he was elected Governor of his State, and during his two-year term showed himself to be possessed of backbone and executive skill. Last fall, on being defeated for re-election (though running over fifty thousand ahead of his ticket), he settled in Minneapolis to practice law. Since then there has been much speculation regarding his political future, and it was in response to questions about his reported candidacy for Congress that he announced his aldermanic aspirations. That such an announcement by such a man should be greeted with surprise and incredulity is worthy of more than passing notice, for it is an excellent example of perhaps the most unfortunate phase of our municipal politics. If to serve one's municipality well were the crowning honor of a public career; if it were deemed a political duty to devote the experience, skill, and wisdom gained in State and National fields to the affairs of one's ward and precinct, American cities would not be the worst governed in the world. As it is, the Common Council, the Board of Aldermen, and the School Board are often looked upon as political kindergartens for the inexperienced, or as fit only for those who have no reputations to lose. As a result, we have the spectacle of cities trying to protect themselves against corruption, theft, and gross mismanagement by changing their charters so as to increase the number of checks and to decrease the power of the representative bodies, vainly hoping to elaborate a system that will make inefficient and dishonest men capable and trustworthy. It matters little what sort of a charter a city has; if the men who serve under it are patriotic and fit, it will be well governed. The late Governor Pingree, of Michigan, did nothing more admirable during his public career than to announce his willingness to become Mayor of Detroit again after his term as Governor was over; and it is to be hoped, not only that ex-Governor Lind will carry out his intention, but that his example will be followed in other cities.

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Faulty Methods of Garbage Disposal

At the recent meeting of the League of American Municipalities at Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. M. N. Baker, of the "Engineering News," read a paper on garbage disposal which deserves attention in our small cities because it showed that few of them have any public system of protecting the public health against decaying garbage, and deserves attention in our large cities because it showed that all of them have extremely costly systems. In measuring the costliness of the service furnished in our large cities Mr. Baker did not demand that our service should be as economical as that in England, where the "refuse destructors" burn a great variety of waste material, much of which is combustible and therefore furnishes fuel for the entire plant, but he did ask that the contrast between the American results and the English results should be lessened. To accomplish this, he made the following extremely practical suggestions: 1. When a garbage reduction contract is given out, let the contractors be required to render a public accounting of the cost of operations. It is distinctively public work, and those who demand to do it for the public, on the ground that they can do it cheaper, have no valid ground for keeping the public completely in the dark as to the cost of operations. 2. When a contract is given out, let it be for a sufficiently long period to permit the successful bidder to erect an adequate plant

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without being obliged to recover its whole cost during a few months of operation. The present method of short-time contracts, Mr. Baker points out, results not only in enormous waste but in the establishment of a corrupting monopoly in close touch with the city administration. Philadelphia, he says, is the most notorious example of maladministration of this sort:

> Year after year, in the latter part of November or early in December, it receives bids for the collection and disposal of garbage for the ensuing calendar year. Since improved means of disposal have been adopted in that city the contract has been falling each year more and more surely into the hands of the same contractor. The period between the reception of bids and the beginning of work under the contract is too short for any one to secure a site and erect a plant. Even if there were ample time in this respect, no man without a decided political pull could take a one-year contract at a price that would not stagger any city; for, without being sure of the renewal of the contract, the whole first cost of the plant, as well as the cost of service, would have to be included in the bid.

In order to avoid these evils without incurring those incident to very long term contracts, Mr. Baker sensibly suggests that in awarding contracts the city should provide for the purchase of the plant at the expiration of the contract, either by itself or by the successful new bidder. Sooner or later the work of garbage reduction is likely to be performed directly by the city itself. Mr. Baker concludes his paper by asking whether municipal ownership might not be better than the contract system from the start.

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The Methodist Ecumenical Conference

The reports given by the cable of the early sessions of the great World's Conference of Methodists in London indicate that there has been no lack of plain speaking on living questions. At the earliest possible moment The Outlook will give to its readers an account of the Conference from correspondents who are present. Meanwhile we may note here some of the more important subjects brought before the meeting as indicated by the cable reports. The race question was brought to the front by Bishop Walters, of Jersey City, himself a negro, who, according to the press reports, received the heartiest welcome of any of the American delegates. Bishop Walters made an impassioned plea against race prejudice, and asked from the English people that sympathy for his race in the future which had been extended in the past. Incidentally he made a defense of his race as to morals, and among other points recapitulated the statistics of lynching in the year 1900, asserting that while ninety negroes were lynched, in only eleven cases was there proof of outrage upon women. The address of Bishop Walters is said to have greatly displeased many of the Southern delegates. If this speech of Bishop Walters was in a measure an apple of discord, still more so was that by Sir Charles Skelton, formerly Mayor of Sheffield, who, while welcoming the American delegates, severely criticised the war in South Africa, exclaiming, "Hell is let loose in South Africa!" and appealing to the American visitors to aid by preaching and example in making such wars impossible in the future. A Primitive Methodist English delegate, the Rev. Joseph Odell, followed in the same strain, while Dr. Potts, of Toronto, replied vigorously in a "heated patriotic and imperialistic speech." Still another ripple of excitement occurred with reference to a message from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he expressed a hope that the Methodist and Episcopal Churches would sometime be united—of course by the absorption of the former in the latter. Unhappily, the message was not sent to the Conference directly, but to an editor of a religious newspaper, and the Conference appears to have welcomed the technicality as affording it an opportunity to decline to receive the message. Still later the South African question again occasioned eager debate, and once more a Canadian, the Rev. Joseph Gibson, appeared as defender of the action of the British in South Africa, while he was repeatedly interrupted by English delegates, one of whom finally declared that if Mr. Gibson proceeded he would have to be answered in a controversial strain, as he was voicing sentiments by no means shared by many present. We imagine that the cable despatches give more prominence to the discussions just noted because of their semi-sensational character than to the sessions which related strictly to church matters; still, there are abundant indications that the

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discussions as to the position of Methodism in the world of religious life were earnest and practical. To this discussion delegates from many distant countries contributed. The representation of the delegates to the Conference is on a basis of one delegate to twenty thousand persons, and the United States and Canada together thus obtain three hundred out of the five hundred total delegates. The Conference is meeting in the City Road Chapel, which was built by John Wesley in 1760, and is sometimes called, colloquially, the Cathedral of Methodism. The sessions of Saturday last were dominated by the news of the assault upon President McKinley. The President's connection with the Methodist Church added an almost personal tone to the expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

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Lewis G. Janes

Dr. Lewis G. Janes, who died at Greenacre, Me., on Wednesday of last week, was one of the men who, in common with Professor Le Conte and Dr. John Fiske, have been influential in America in bringing about a better understanding of the true relations of religion and science. Born at Providence, R. I., in 1844, Dr. Janes in early youth took a great interest in the humanitarian and religious discussions that were stirring the hearts and consciences of the people of New England in the decade preceding the Civil War. He became later an ardent but not undiscriminating disciple of Herbert Spencer, and devoted much of his life to the interpretation and popularization of the Synthetic Philosophy along ethical lines. In 1885 he was instrumental in founding the Brooklyn Ethical Association, which for several years carried on with vigor and wide-reaching influence the work of bringing evolutionary thought into touch with popular audiences. The later years of his life were devoted to work in connection with the Cambridge Conferences on Religion and Philosophy, which were held at the residence of Mrs. Ole Bull and were described in The Outlook of August 7, 1897, and at Greenacre, Me., where for several seasons he conducted a Summer School of Comparative Religion. Dr. Janes was also President of the Free Religious Association of America. Dr. Janes had a rare gift as a sympathetic expositor, and reached a wide circle of thoughtful students, not only in his published writings on "The Evolution of Morals," "The Scope and Principles of the Evolution Philosophy," "A Study of Primitive Christianity," "Health and a Day," etc., but through an extensive correspondence and by personal touch in classes and conferences, in which his peculiarly gentle yet forceful personality made a deep and lasting impression.

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The Canteen: A Minister's Defense

During the past fortnight two important contributions to the discussion of the anti-canteen law have been published. The first is a book entitled "Cant and the Canteen," by the Rev. S. B. Dexter, who was Secretary of the Chicago Ministerial Commission on the investigation of Fort Sheridan. This Commission reported in favor of the new law, and denounced as baseless fabrications the press despatches about the opening of new saloons in the neighborhood of the fort as soon as the law was passed, and the outbreak of riots therein on the succeeding pay-day. Mr. Dexter states that he signed the report under protest and with the understanding that the investigation would be continued. He himself did continue it, and learned that the statistics published by the Commission had been both inaccurate and incomplete. The Commission reported that during the "three months" prior to the removal of the canteen the percentage of arrests among the soldiers at the garrison was 5.2, while in the "three months" following it fell to 4.9. Mr. Dexter points out that the first period of "three months" extended from November 1 to February 10, the date of the closing of the canteen, and included 102 days, while the second period of "three months" ended on May 2, the date of the investigation, and included only 81 days. For the time covered, therefore, the percentage of arrests was nearly one-fifth greater after the canteen was closed. Since the date of the investigation, Mr. Dexter continues, the percentage of arrests has increased—the number of courts martial in May and June being nearly half again as great as from January to April. In addition to this, he has learned from his subsequent investigations

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that one of the saloons near Fort Sheridan was established shortly before the new law went into effect, and he has found that some of the soldiers after pay-day become the victims of worse evils than drunkenness in the vile saloons to which they now go for liquor. Apart from his own personal investigations, his book takes up the evidence of army officers respecting the workings of the canteen, and while there are no statistics comparing the posts in which no liquor was sold (those in prohibition States) with the posts in which beer and wine was sold in the canteens, there are most convincing statistics showing that the canteen system was a great improvement on the older system of permitting post traders to reap private profit by supplying liquor to the soldiers.

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The Canteen: A General's Criticism

The other important contribution to the discussion of the canteen is a letter from General A. S. Daggett, who retired from the army last spring after forty years' service. General Daggett criticises the sale of beer and wine in the canteen, not because of any *a priori* objection to the participation of the Government in the liquor business, but because of his belief that the very respectability of drinking in the canteen is a source of further danger to the great body of the soldiers. He puts his argument so compactly that we can best give it in his own words:

(1) Many of our soldiers come from the rural districts, where they never entered nor even saw a saloon. Arriving at an army post, they find the saloon, called canteen, established by the United States Government, managed by army officers, and in many cases made as reputable as such an institution can be. It is the place of resort for nearly all the soldiers of the garrison. They live in an atmosphere that makes them feel that the thing to do is to spend their money at the canteen; it helps the company mess. The most of the recruits yield, and soon form the beer habit.

(2) The canteen stands as a constant invitation to the total abstainer to drink, as a temptation to the moderate drinker to drink more, and as a convenience to the drunkard to load up on beer when he has not the means to obtain anything stronger.

(3) The constant presence of the canteen and the credit system offer opportunities for the soldiers to keep slightly under the influence of liquor all the time. It was no unusual thing to find a company (I commanded a company more than twenty years), on inspection, with a majority of its men more or less under the influence of liquor, but not so much so as to subject them to punishment; but they could not perform their duty as well as they could if they had not been drinking.

(4) If there is no canteen at an army post, saloons will spring up just beyond the military reservation, but of so vile a character that respectable soldiers will not visit them. When I commanded a company, four-fifths of my men would not go near such dens of vice.

The canteen system, in my opinion, resolves itself into this question: Is it best to keep a constant temptation before the total abstainers and moderate drinkers for the purpose of controlling the few drunkards?

Many of our railroad companies and business firms require total abstinence of all their employees. Only imagine their establishing canteens for them! Trainmen slightly dazed with beer! I believe the Government should require the same of the army.

General Daggett's view of the canteen, it may be recalled, is not that of the great body of army officers. At the present time the War Department is engaged in collecting from all the posts the views of the officers as to the workings of the new law, and the indications are that Congress at its next session will be asked to repeal the statute, so as to restore the sale of beer and light wines. The total abstinence societies, we believe, are also collecting evidence with a view to prevent such action. It is well that the investigation is being pushed from different standpoints, for moral statistics are peculiarly susceptible of partisan treatment, and on this subject the public is peculiarly interested in knowing the whole truth.

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The Assault upon the President

The careless use of the English language, depriving its most solemn words of their true solemnity, makes it impossible to find language in which to express the commingled sentiments of horror and apprehension awakened in the hearts of the American people by the attempted assassination of President McKinley. It is truly terrifying to reflect that in less than half a century two Presidents have been assassinated and a third dangerously if not mortally wounded, and each of them without having given, by any act or speech, justification, excuse, or even palliation for the assault. Mr. Lincoln was

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one of the best friends the South ever had; Mr. Garfield was a chivalrous representative of the best sentiments in American politics; and Mr. McKinley enjoys the respect of political opponents as well as of political friends, and has done nothing to arouse personal enmity in either. Nor is it materially reassuring to remember that the assassin of President Lincoln was unbalanced, of President Garfield half crazy, and of President McKinley possibly not of strong intellect. The fact remains, on the one hand, that there are forces at work in our boasted civilization which breed assassins, and, on the other, that no excellence of character and no device of guardianship suffice to protect the Chief Magistrate of the Nation from any man whose mania takes the form of a passion for perpetrating public murder.

The assassinations of President Lincoln and of President Garfield are at least comprehensible; we can understand how the passions of the Civil War, inflamed by defeat, should have excited to the one, and how the factional strife within the Republican party should have aroused sufficient venom in a disappointed adventurer to cause the other. But it is more difficult to understand this attempt at the assassination of President McKinley. His democratic sympathies, his sincere good will toward all men whether political supporters or political opponents, his readiness to give public credit to public rivals, his native urbanity of manner, his perhaps too compliant temper, and his tact in all public and private relations, have combined to give him probably fewer enemies than any other man who ever occupied the Presidential office, not excepting even President Hayes. It is true that the policy which he has represented has been bitterly opposed, and occasionally some one, who knew no other way to be strong than by being bitter, has assailed him as an American Napoleon who was attempting to build up an imperialistic government on the ruins of the Republic. But a characteristic sense of humor has prevented the American people from taking such oratorical invectives seriously. The weighty opponents of the policy of expansion—and it has some weighty opponents—have recognized that it was the policy of the people, and have made their attacks upon the spirit of the age, not upon the man who chanced to be its representative and executive. So cautious has Mr. McKinley been in every successive step that he has been accused of being a follower rather than a leader of public opinion, and there is good reason for saying that he has rather been its embodiment than either. The murderous assault upon him cannot be charged to the account of either personal or political animosity. It is also unlikely that it is due to any distinct Anarchistic conspiracy. It is true that there is a body of Anarchists in this country who have brought their Old World hatreds with them, and whose acts and utterances are so wholly irrational as to suggest that they should be classified among the intellectually degenerate if not absolutely among the insane. It is also true that the statements of President McKinley's assailant show that he belongs to this class of assassins. But it is also true that both the acts and the utterances of the Anarchists indicate that they have sufficient method in their madness to avoid depriving themselves of the only two asylums, England and America, in which they can live and proclaim their principles—if Anarchism can be called a principle—without interference from the Government. Our readers may remember the striking article by Mr. Francis H. Nichols on "The Anarchists in America" in The Outlook for August 10; and we recall to their remembrance the following quotation, made in that article, from an Anarchist paper in San Francisco: "The Anarchists are treated with sufficiently gross injustice even in this country. But they are at least allowed the right of conducting a peaceful propaganda; and the consequence is that McKinley, hated and despised though he is, needs no bodyguard to protect him from the attacks of revolutionists." We have no doubt that this truly expresses the policy of the Anarchists in America, in so far as they can be said to have a policy; and probably it will be found that this irresponsible Pole was acting on his own initiative, not under the specific commands of any society of assassins, although he was undoubtedly incited to crime by the violent utterances of Anarchist speakers and writers.

But this fact, if it be a fact, only adds to the difficulty of the situation. If neither

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a policy of rigorous repression nor one of absolute freedom of expression can do anything effectual to prevent murder, if assassination of public men thrives equally in Russia and in America, it is evident that the time has fully come for thoughtful men to consider afresh the question, How in this twentieth century can life be preserved? This is a fundamental question, but one apparently not so simple as it has been deemed. Murder as the product of covetousness and accompanied by robbery we know; murder as an act of malignancy inspired by personal revenge we know; murder by a fanatic rendered desperate by a despotism from which he foolishly expects relief by the assassination of the despot we know; but the attempted assassination of President McKinley falls into none of these categories. So far as we can judge, this attempted murder is the act of a man chiefly inspired by that most inexplicable and most despicable of ambitions, the desire for notoriety; the most despicable, and yet, in a democratic community, with its characteristic passion for publicity, liable to become more common in the future than in the past.

This is not the time to attempt any estimate of President McKinley's character and career. It is enough to say that his political opponents have rated his abilities more highly than his political supporters, and that European observers have rated them more highly than have Americans. We believe that posterity will ratify the higher judgment, and that history will rank President McKinley more highly than his contemporaries have done, not only as an astute politician, but also as a popular leader and a broad-minded and cautiously progressive statesman. His death would be felt as a personal loss by thousands who know him only through his public life, and by the entire Nation as a great public calamity. But it is not probable that it would affect in the slightest degree our National policy. Mr. McKinley is by nature a diplomat; Mr. Roosevelt is by nature a soldier; but in their political principles, in their National and international policies, in their practical opportunism, in their high ethical standards, and, above all, in their subordination of personal ambition to National welfare, they are alike. Not even Mr. Bryan could, were he President, turn the Nation back from the goal toward which Mr. McKinley has been leading it as a world power; Mr. Roosevelt neither would nor could materially expedite its movement. But the whole American people will pray that Mr. McKinley may live to carry his policy forward to the completion of its present stage, in the perfected emancipation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and to initiate that further movement toward industrial and commercial internationalism to which he pointed in his prophetic speech at the Pan-American Exposition the day before the assault.

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Substitutes for the Saloon

The saloon as a social center, which is the subject of Mr. McNutt's vivid article on another page, is also the subject of the last volume issued under the direction of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem. The volume is entitled "Substitutes for the Saloon," and its author, the Rev. Raymond Calkins, of Pittsfield, Mass., presents the results of inquiries in all parts of the country, illuminating the point which Mr. McNutt's personal experiences drove home to him, that while the saloon thrives chiefly upon the craving of men for intoxicants, its field of influence is enormously widened by the way in which it ministers to social needs not elsewhere met.

Mr. Calkins's investigations show that the importance of the point here suggested is being realized in other countries besides our own. In England the realization of it has given rise to the coffee-house movement, begun thirty-one years ago by Simon Short, a converted drunkard of Bristol, with the financial support of a few Quakers truly led by the inner light. In Norway and Sweden the same thought has led to such regulations of the Gothenburg system shops as will prevent the town drinking-places from becoming the centers of social life. In many of these dispensaries, as in all of those of South Carolina, no liquor may be sold to be drunk on the premises. "Even in Christiania, where the shops of the company offer the most attractions, there is little to remind us of the American saloon. 'They are not resorts for social intercourse; they are not comfort-

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able and spacious. No games, newspapers, or other means of recreation are provided, not even seats. Men do not congregate there to do business, to discuss politics, to bet on the races. There is no treating or lingering over the social glass.'" Along with this restrictive regulation has gone the constructive requirement that the profits of the shops must go, in large measure, to the establishment of substitutes for the saloon of an educative and recreative sort.

Switzerland makes a similar provision for the use of a part of the profits from the Government monopoly of the manufacture of spirits, and even Russia is accompanying its restriction of the sale of liquor to Government shops with the establishment of a system of preventive agencies. Reading-rooms with libraries and cheap, attractive restaurants are being opened near public gardens and squares where the working-people congregate. The restriction of the sale of spirits to Government shops, says Mr. Calkins, will, within a year or two, be extended into seventy-five provinces, or nearly three-quarters of the whole empire, and already the opening of temperance resorts has extended until there are nearly two thousand tea-rooms and tea restaurants, nine hundred and forty-three reading-rooms and libraries, besides many readings in hired halls and other similar popular attractions. In 1899 the Government spent one million dollars in support of the temperance taverns.

In our own country the number of the substitute agencies that have been developed is, in a sense, most gratifying, for it shows that in nearly every locality there has been some awakening and some effort on the part of the municipality, or private philanthropy, or the churches, to meet the social needs which the saloon has everywhere ministered to. The Young Men's Christian Associations have provided the means of recreation and education for a vast number of young men (although Mr. Calkins points out that it is but a small fraction of those in the shops and factories). Reading-rooms, playgrounds, gymnasiums, and bathing establishments have been opened in a great many places, churches and settlements have organized clubs of every description, and even the minor needs to which Mr. McNutt alludes—drinking-fountains, watering-troughs, comfort stations, cheap lunches at all hours of the night—have been here and there provided for. Some of the religious organizations which have done social work have but too plainly used it as a bait to bring people to their religious meetings, but others have rendered the social services from a wholesome desire to help their fellows.

Quite apart from all these distinctively philanthropic efforts to meet in wholesome ways the wants met by the saloons, there is a vast work of the same sort carried on by organizations avowing few or no altruistic ends, but endeavoring, largely from self-defense, to promote the manhood of their own members. Among the organizations of this sort are the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the mutual benefit associations for all purposes including insurance and building and loan, the musical societies, the literary societies, the athletic societies, and finally—and perhaps the most important of all—the trades-unions. The work done by these last for the promotion of temperance among their members is described at length in a valuable appendix by Professor Bemis, which is perhaps the most encouraging report in the volume—though it shows that many of the unions in our great cities hold their meetings in halls connected with saloons. As a rule, such halls are the only places where the unions can meet, just as they are the only places where the poor can hold their social entertainments. Clearly our great cities need a public hall for every ward of fifty thousand people, quite as much as New England needs a public hall for every town of five thousand people, and some day our great cities may follow the example of the New England towns in providing such halls. The provision of wholesome meeting-places for societies which are the natural outgrowth of the social, intellectual, and economic activities of the people is generally a better work than the organization of new clubs in which the people may spend their leisure; for a leisure club offering nothing for idle minds to do develops an atmosphere similar to that of the saloons. The substitution most deeply needed, now as always, is less the substitution of a wholesome for an unwholesome environment than the substitution

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of wholesome for unwholesome tastes and interests.

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The Age's Atmosphere

The atmosphere of an age has much to do with its health and productivity; for no man is unaffected by the air he breathes. It is true that a strong man makes his own atmosphere; but when a strong man is compelled to change the atmosphere which envelops him, he puts forth, in securing right conditions, a strength which ought to go, in its undiminished force, into his work. A clear, pure atmosphere is a kind of capitalized health upon which every man draws at will; a vitiated, devitalized air is a source of weakness and disease. A weak man is able to live in a bracing air, but succumbs and dies in an impure air. Of all the external influences which have to do with giving an age its character, atmosphere is perhaps the most important.

Now, atmosphere in this sense is simply the spirit of a group of men of superior force, or of a great number of men who have the same temper of mind, or who have come to take a common attitude toward the responsibilities and opportunities of life. When a number of able and forceful men are agreed upon a policy, that policy, though it have but a small minority of votes behind it, is likely in the end to prevail. If the natural leaders of our age lose faith in the ability of men to better their conditions, there will come a period of general apathy and scepticism in public affairs. Men who announce reform programmes or preach a new gospel of civic self-sacrifice will find themselves unsupported by public opinion; they will speak as if in a vacuum. Before they can really accomplish any good they must create an atmosphere of interest, zeal, and faith. It is the absence of this atmosphere in our cities that makes the rule of men like Croker possible, as it is the absence of the same atmosphere in a State which makes it possible to send such a man as Mr. Quay to the Senate of the United States. A group of faithful spirits, who refuse to accept low standards of public action because they are familiar, and low types of public men because they are successful, can create the kind of atmosphere in which vicious systems and corrupt men find neither opportunity nor reward.

In the home very much depends on atmosphere. If children breathe a clear, bracing air, their chances of physical and moral health are indefinitely multiplied; if they breathe a thin, relaxing air, it will be difficult to train them to efficiency and power of action. Homes which are without order, subordination, self-restraint, are not places in which fine characters are bred. Homes which lack cheerfulness, serenity, joyousness, are not places in which delicate and beautiful traits unfold in natural loveliness. On the structure of the home—its law and discipline—there rests an atmosphere which is either stimulating, invigorating, and full of vitality, or debili tating, narrowing, and blighting.

In the age, the community, and the home, atmosphere is not a vague generality; it is a definite influence expressing the spirit, attitude, character, of a number of individuals. Each man has something to do with the making of this atmosphere; each man contributes his spirit to his town, his community, and his home; every woman contributes her ideals, her convictions, and her nature to the cheerfulness and courage or the depression and cowardice of her society, be it large as the country or limited as her home. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of every man and woman to put life, hope, faith into their fellows by putting these qualities into the common air.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been visiting some Delaware cousins, and while he was in the Diamond State "Big Quarterly" occurred. The Spectator had never heard before of "Big Quarterly," he confesses, and probably the majority of the world need the explanation he received, which was that the quarterly meeting of the African Methodist Church, which falls in August of each year, is known as "Big Quarterly" in this section of country, and is kept as a high festival by the negroes. Their churches throw all possible force and fervor into its celebration, and hundreds of country negroes pour into the town to attend the meetings, which, beginning on "Big Quarterly" Sunday, last for ten days or a fortnight. The whole thing has a

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double interest, first, because it is a picturesque local affair, and, second, because it is rapidly passing away.

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The whole town, for a day before the festival began, was flooded with colored folk coming in from the country and from other towns on foot, by train, or in wagons. The Spectator noticed with much interest the old-time types—bowed old men and wrinkled women, with gray kinky hair and quaint garb, queer pathetic turnouts drawn by aged mules with harness mended almost to the vanishing-point, venerable preachers with canes and spectacles and long, rusty frock-coats, and all the rest of it. "Big Quarterly" brings the country into town, and is tenfold more interesting than any mere city assemblage of the colored race can be. But it is not all country folk that come; for all day Saturday the railroads brought passengers from across the State line—from Philadelphia and the New Jersey towns, smart city negroes, who yet felt the attraction of the old festival, and swelled the dusky throng around the churches in the colored quarter. "Big Quarterly" is, in fact, a great day of reunion, on which friends long separated often find each other out, and families and clans are gathered. It is also like a great camp-meeting in some of its features; but the fact that it is held in town, and in a single street of churches, gives it a distinctive flavor of its own. Once seen, "Big Quarterly" can never be forgotten.

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The whole of one long, wide street from end to end was packed with a mass of warm and excited humanity on the festival day. No one was left at home, apparently, from the smallest pickaninny to the oldest grandmother. The churches were jammed to suffocation with congregations, all singing at the tops of their voices, and still the street was full. All these visitors had to be fed (and well fed, it being quite true, as the Bishop's cook once observed, that "pious folks eats tremendous"), which is probably the reason why August was chosen for "Big Quarterly," since August, on the Peninsula, is the month of watermelon and peaches and cantaloups and chicken-gumbo and soft-shell crabs. All along the sidewalks, therefore, were rough stands where breakfast, dinner, and supper were eaten standing by whole families, and where lemonade, ice-cream, fried chicken, and luscious chunks of watermelon could be had all day long.

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The Spectator did not care to attempt getting inside the church itself, from the open windows of which came a volume of sound that could be heard afar, like the boom of a rising surf. It seemed to be a sort of two-toned minor chant, with no distinguishable words, and was almost continuous. Whatever preaching went on must have been of an interjaculatory character, for there was never an interval of five minutes in the singing from morning to night. Outside in the churchyard, under the rows of old maple-trees, with their whitewashed trunks, a rude tent had been stretched, and the ground spread with straw. A few benches were provided for the sisters, and an altar and mourners' bench for the converts, but the majority of the worshipers stood. There was much coming and going all the while through the refreshment-stand entrance aforesaid, and the Spectator noted, in passing in himself, that a silver offering was taken up at this gate, though no collection took place in the meetings.

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It was in the evening that the Spectator attended this tent service, if service it could be called. To be sure, there were several preachers there, and they exhorted vigorously from time to time; but the attention of the congregation was concentrated, not on them, but on the shouting bands and circles of lay members who went marching round and round in the straw, or, standing in a ring, clapped and stamped their feet and chanted words which the Spectator could not catch or make sense of. The whirling dervishes of the East could not have been more rapt or more unintelligible. The chant, whatever it was, beginning low and soft, rose from crescendo to crescendo, until, with the sweat running down like rain and with violent bendings and swayings of the whole body, the singers marched or circled to the verge of collapse, and finally sank on their knees, hoarse and

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exhausted. Meanwhile the sisters lifted up their voices, too, and the preachers exhorted, so that it was as distracting to the ear as the three-ringed circus is to the eye. Now and then, with loud excitement, a convert would find his or her way to the mourners' bench amid joyful ejaculations from the faithful.

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The Spectator was told by one friend of her experience at a previous "Big Quarterly." She took her sister, a very quiet and devout Christian, and the two happened to stand near a couple of colored women who were, in negro religious idiom, "coming through." In this case it seemed especially difficult for them to get through, and their hysterical excitement was so great that they appeared to be upon the verge of convulsions. "All that the rest did," said the Spectator's friend, "was to march round and round those two poor gasping creatures, singing

'I was a mourner once, jes' like you,
But I kep' on mournin' till I come through!'

and finally my sister couldn't stand it any longer. She went and knelt down by the women, and explained the Gospel plan of salvation to them, and quieted them down so that they 'came through' without having a fit apiece. But it wasn't the fault of the meeting that they didn't; and it all made me so nervous that I never will go to 'Big Quarterly' again."

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Another woman gave a glimpse of a queer side of negro religious experience. "You know," she said, "or more probably you don't know, so I'll tell you—that when a young colored woman is 'seeking religion,' one of the older women in the church, a sort of mother in Israel, is appointed to be her 'mother in the Gospel.' This 'mother in the Gospel' looks after her salvation to the best of her ability, and has a certain authority over her in consequence. One day my colored house-girl, who was attending the meetings and trying to 'come through,' was set to churn the butter. She made such a small quantity that I was rather astonished; but Emmeline insisted that that was all the butter that she could get out of it. That evening, as she was going off to the meeting, I caught her with a package in her hand, and found out that it was a pound or two of butter. Thereupon she broke down and explained that she had taken it as a present to her mother in the Gospel because she had helped her so much in getting religion! I tell you I acted as Emmeline's mother in the Gospel then and there myself, and I think I gave her a little Gospel doctrine about honesty that she will not forget. But was it not a sidelight on that kind of religious experience? I don't know that I quite agreed with the point of view of my colored man when I asked him the other day about a woman I thought of taking as a cook: 'Oh, she's a fus'-rate woman, Mis' Lou; she ain't got no bad ways, and she doan't nebber go to chu'ch!' But I could see what he meant, just the same; and I think 'Big Quarterly' would be better in the breach than in the observance, myself."

September Sixth, 1901

By Robert Haven Schauffler

A stowaway slept in a nook in the hold;
  Fiercely the storm smote the writhing wave,
And the good ship strained while her captain told
The turbulent watches, growing heart-old
  As he guided his craft to a port or a grave.

. . . . . .

The young sun smiled on the ship as she rode
  At anchor, and flashed morning-peace on the bay.
But the skulker saw where the captain strode
On the deck late-scarred by the tempest's goad,
  And smote him as only a man-fiend may!

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The Incorporation of Trades-Unions

I.—Advantages and Disadvantages

By Carroll D. Wright

United States Commissioner of Labor

THE constantly recurring conflicts between employers and employees are more and more based on the question as to whether trades-unions shall be recognized by the management. The recognition of the unions, in a popular sense, comprehends something entirely different from what is meant by the unions themselves. In the former case it is understood to mean simply a recognition on the part of employers of the existence of the unions and dealings with their officers. On the part of the unions themselves the recognition is understood to mean something more than this, even in many cases to taking part in the establishment of rules and the regulation of wages.

Such conflicts lead to the proposition that labor unions should be incorporated in like manner as capitalistic associations are incorporated—that is, that under the law the unions should become responsible for their contracts. Under the general laws of the different States relating to corporations of all kinds, whether for business, educational, religious, or benevolent purposes, trades-unions can easily secure a charter. The States of Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wyoming make especial mention of trades-unions in their statutes relating to corporations, but they do not provide any especial duties, rights, or liabilities other than those pertaining to all corporations. New York formerly had a special law, but trades-unions can now be incorporated under the general statute. The United States, by acts of 1885 and 1886, provides for the incorporation of National unions having headquarters in Washington. Some of the unions of the State of New York are incorporated, but there are very few incorporated unions in other States.

The advantages of incorporation are that the union, under a charter, becomes a person in the eyes of the law; that it can sue and be sued, as individuals, corporations, and firms can sue and be sued. It would have standing in the courts; it would be better able to own and control property, and would have many rights and privileges that trades-unions as voluntary associations do not have. By incorporation unions would stand better in public estimation. As a legal person, they could enforce their contracts against employers. They have been debarred heretofore from appearing in court by representatives. They have thus lost advantages which would have been of the greatest importance to them.

On the other hand, labor leaders claim that there are disadvantages which in a large measure offset the advantages. They admit the benefits which would come from incorporation, but they apprehend the dangers which would come through the assumption of duties and liabilities which do not now specifically belong to the unions. They would be obliged to have funds for strike and benefit purposes; in fact, some capital, although no stock. This capital, or the funds, could be attached under an action of contract or tort, and it is feared by members of unions that such action would result in their disruption. There is great apprehension also that whenever a union might be brought into court and judgment for any cause secured against it, the union would collapse. Hence the fear that ultimately incorporation would mean the destruction of trade-unionism. Members also fear that the writ of injunction would be much more severe in its operation under incorporation than at present, and that they would not receive fair treatment from the courts.

Considering these alleged advantages and disadvantages, it would seem that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Our courts, on the whole, are honorable, and, in their capacity as administrators of

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law, pure and incorruptible. Here and there an unfair judge might cause a great deal of difficulty, but, on the whole, the high character of the American judiciary is a sufficient guaranty against unfair treatment.

II.—The Unionist Position

By Joseph R. Buchanan

Labor Editor of the American Press Association

THE incorporation of labor unions is a question almost as old as the unions themselves. A majority of the leading unionists of this country are emphatically opposed to the idea. The disadvantages growing out of incorporation would, they say, far outweigh the advantages, and the so-called advantages would be two-sided. Take, for instance, the holding of property: An incorporated union would be enabled to protect its property by exacting of its officers bonds, against which, if necessary, suits could be instituted; but the property would also be subject to the orders of a court in a case against the union. The funds of a National union could be attached pending the decision of a court in a suit for breach of contract by a local union, even when such breach was in absolute violation of the National union's expressed will. Therefore it is a question whether the right to sue, with its corollary, would be of benefit to trades-unions in their present stage of development.

In recent years labor unions have had just cause to dread "government by injunction." Incorporated, the unions would be at the mercy of every court in which sympathy or personal interest tilted the judge, in the slightest degree, the other way. As it is now, violation of an injunction reacts only upon the direct violators. As it would be then, a union could be demolished if any of its members disobeyed the orders of a judge.

If incorporated, the power of a labor union to control its membership at all times, regarding only expediency and its own preservation, would be greatly abridged. The existence of the labor union is dependent upon the enforcement of the will of the majority and the maintenance of discipline. Put a union on a plane where it could be haled to court at the instigation of a member suspended or expelled for "scabbing," or other violation of rules, and that union could be made the prey of every unprincipled and weak-kneed workman in the trade. The right absolutely to govern the terms of membership and the conditions of reinstatement is one that labor unions cannot afford to surrender.

The tendency of labor unions in this country is toward a fuller democracy in the management of their affairs; the adoption of the referendum is one of the evidences of this tendency. Incorporation would certainly result in the centralization of control. This effect alone of incorporation would destroy the unions. Your rank-and-file labor unionist feels that he is an important part of the organization, and so he is. Attempt to restrict his powers in this particular and he quits.

Labor's belief that law and the courts are for the benefit of the owners of wealth may be deemed by many unwarranted, but are there not grounds for the belief? Organized labor has secured the passage of laws in its interest; many of them have been declared unconstitutional by the courts. At best, law is costly, and the laborer, individually and collectively, is too poor to indulge in the luxury.

For these and other like reasons, the labor union is opposed to exchanging the old and fairly successful way of fighting its battles for court-rooms generally presided over by judges whose training and environment make them unfitted to see labor's cause through sympathetic glasses.

Labor in England just now is having a taste of recognition in the courts. The Taff Vale Railroad Company is suing the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for damages incurred during the strike of 1900. English jurists say that the case involves the justice of strikes, the right of employees to strike. What the decision will be it is hard to say; but if such a case came up in this country, and the courts decided that strikes were never justifiable, organized labor would pay with its life for its standing in law.

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Why Workingmen Drink

By the Rev. George L. McNutt

"MR. McNUTT, why do workingmen drink?" My questioner was the pastor of the Presbyterian church in a boom-built factory city of fifteen thousand in which there was no municipal provision for rest, recreation, bathing, public comfort; no Young Men's Christian Association; no institutional church; no open doors for humanitarian purposes, except a small library with its necessary but socially refrigerative warning, "Silence."

I speak out of a two years' experience as a workingman with workingmen in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York. The reason for drunkenness includes other things, but I confine myself to those social necessities and luxuries that the saloon provides—other than a bar and beverages that intoxicate.

"Well, but how, if *you* don't drink, do you get along among men in saloons?" Oh, that is easy. The best soft drinks are kept in the saloons. "A lemonade" made by a first-class bartender, plenty of lemon, a strawberry and a slice of pineapple, with a strainer—such a drink is a luxury seldom to be found out of a saloon. And the best milk is kept in all saloons.

It is awkward at times to refuse the proffered kindness of a drink. I was moving a French family in Indiana. Three plate-glass workers helped. It required two hours and two gallons of beer to float the family ark. I took soda. Next I moved the household effects of a little German hausfrau. When she brought me my pay, I found that she had gone to a saloon and bought a bucket of beer, and, as she said, "It is all for you." Here was a dilemma. It was a ladylike act of thoughtful kindness on her part. Her English was broken, my German was bad, and my manners, I fear, seemed to her very bad.

In Chicago, hard by Professor Taylor's Social Settlement, there is a Saloon Social Settlement where I counted twenty-four articles of free food in generous quantities. The presence of the keeper's wife, a pleasant, matronly woman, and the warning, "Profane Language Not Allowed," suggested the idea of a saloon social settlement. Professor Taylor is an adroit settlement fisher of men, but I am afraid his friend and neighbor Pivansky lands more fish.

It was a curious piece of social sarcasm that came to light during the recent spring floods in Philadelphia, when the drinking-water was so vile, almost as bad as that city's politics. Out in the Kensington district I saw this sign on a saloon front: "Filtered Water Free for the Sick and the Poor." During that epidemic I've seen men lined up five deep waiting to get to the bar.

I was in Cincinnati investigating cases of industrial betterment. It was a winter's Saturday night. Coming down John Street from West Cincinnati I was so tired that I felt I must rest. What could I do? Go into a grocery or dry-goods store and sit down? "What'll you have?" "I want rest." "Get out! this is no tramp's roost." Brown duck or hodden-gray asking a favor brands the wearer as a tramp. Should I sit on the curbstone or go over in the park? But Jack Frost was uncomfortably familiar that night. I joined a club. I dropped into a chair by the stove and slept. No one shook me with an exasperating, unsocial "Move on." After a half-hour of sleep I started up refreshed, paid my club dues of five cents at the bar, and got a glass of soda thrown in. For five hundred dollars men join exclusive political and social clubs on the avenues of the metropolis. For five dollars and up some men join Young Men's Christian Association clubs. For five cents the multitude of men, whom only God and the saloon-keeper and the ward boss know, nightly join the one democratic club in American life—the American saloon.

In Cincinnati, out near Ivorydale, my attention was attracted to a commodious workingmen's lodge-room. I was not surprised to find that the neighborhood saloon as a social settlement center had provided this indispensable adjunct of specialized modern society. Such things are an old story. I was dumfounded at first to

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learn this. When the building and loan societies sprang up among workingmen, rooms for committees and fire-proof safes were a new social necessity. The saloon-keeper with an eye for business knew just what to do. Other social forces slept. Now comes the shock of a harsh awakening. Appraising commitees naturally got together at the saloon where the books were kept. Very naturally, there were drinks three or four times round. In that stage of semi-intoxicating exhilaration the committees overrated the value of property. With time came the financial crash. The workingmen lost their homes, ulteriorly, because it never occurred to any other social organization except the saloon to provide the necessary social and security equipment with which to transact the occasional business of the building and loan societies.

"Do you know," said a stranger in Chicago, "where I go when I get down to the last nickel?" "No." "Do you see that fine saloon? I go in there, and for five cents I get all I want to eat. No questions are asked." With that last nickel he isn't a pauper yet, and he accumulates nerve-force to hit the world's center rush-line another twenty-four hours. I've tried the same experiment for the same reason. Where else can a man go with his last nickel and get food and drink and fellowship without inquisition?

Driven by municipal neglect into a saloon at Twentieth Street and Market, Philadelphia, at the noon hour, for five cents I had all the privileges of a "saloon social settlement," and in addition a glass of milk, a large plate of very nutritious soup, and free access to a basket of bread piled high. The room was crowded with workingmen eating and drinking, not carousing. The humanitarian privileges of this and all saloon social settlements I have found invariably free, to rich and poor. The workingman will not be a parasite while he has a nickel to his name.

I remember, one raw winter day, we—a gang of half a hundred or more nondescript nobodies—were digging a gas ditch past two of the city's churches. The ministers paused and watched us, conscious, I'm sure, of the gulf fixed that separates man (the priest) from man (the unknown ditch-digger). At noon, cold and wet, many of the men ate their heavy dinner on the steps of the church. With others I went uptown. The familiar sign—"Nice hot lunch, free all day," had a most alluring effect to the man with the spade, chilled to the bone. If only some one had thought to have had ready on the steps, or inside, in the church kitchen, steaming hot coffee—"like mother used to make"—at cost—but that's another question.

I became acquainted with a colored family in distress in Philadelphia. The man was in jail for attempting to murder his family. The wife's story of why and how was suggestive. Her husband was a hack and express driver. His hours were long, his income uncertain. Some weeks he made only two or three dollars, and this, she said, nearly all went for "drinks and snacks." Those three words tell the story of many a domestic shipwreck. Compelled to water his horses in front of saloons, expected to find in the saloon the necessities of the animal man, finding there the most food for his scant, irregular income, he became drunk and murderous. Snacks and drink did it. In most cities a watering-trough is the infallible sign of whisky. In Philadelphia there are practically no municipal or philanthropic provisions for watering horses. What the thoughtful saloon-keeper will do and the thoughtless philanthropist and municipality may fail to do in the horseless age that's coming is foreshadowed by the universal bicycle-racks and air on top for flat tires, at road-houses.

One night in a Philadelphia church I asked the congregation where, as a teamster, I could go the next day and water my horse, except at the saloon. The absurdity of the situation provoked a spontaneous subscription for a church watering-trough. Why not? The saloon-keeper knows that whosoever giveth to one of the least of these drivers' horses a bucket of water shall receive his reward behind the bar.

The petition of the City Vigilance Committee to the Legislature and Governor of the State of New York, "To construct public water-closets and urinals in all the squares and parks, and in the tenement-house districts at every fourth street," and the bill of 1895 making it mandatory for cities and incorporated villages to provide two urinals and one public closet

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for each thirty thousand inhabitants, failed to pass. These the saloons did not fail to provide oftener than every fourth street.

Many workingmen are homeless. To these the average American Sunday and holiday is something awful to contemplate. The last two Sundays and Christmas of the old century my boy and I will never forget. We were in Baltimore—a charming place for society folk and negroes, a place to be shunned by a white man seeking common labor and caring to be sober on Sunday. I made a determined search for an attractive place, not for club members only, but for plain men. I failed. I questioned policemen and philanthropists without avail. I finally found a religious reading-room, stripped, for sacredness' sake, of all magazines and papers like the "Youth's Companion." I had just found an article by Dr. Gladden that I wanted to read, when I was called on to chose between going into a religious meeting or going out on the street. I chose the street. It was a relief when sleep came in that little 4 × 7 room of the lodging-house, bringing surcease from the sorrow of being a mere speck, a nobody, in a modern Christian city on Sunday. Christmas, the Tuesday following, was worse than Sunday. The saloons were bright with holly and cedar, ringing with music and laughter. Is any one surprised to know that the saloons were crowded with workingmen, sailors, oystermen, factorymen, rough fellows, quite naturally, with a fair share, but no monopoly, of total depravity? Out on the hills there were feasting and music and laughter and reunions. My horror of the city workingman's Sunday has been intensified by later experience in the tenement-house life of Greater New York.

My fifteen-year-old boy says, "I can stand anything but Sunday; that is something fierce."

An increasingly large per cent. of workingmen live in tenement-houses. Gardens, flowers, pets, are impossible. Home is merely so much scant floor-space in disorganized, unsocial human stables, often shambles. That men made in the image of God should crawl out of these prison cells and flee to the mountains, the seashore, and the shade of the forest, is natural and noble. The chance comes to workingmen only on Sundays and holidays. What happens? Going out of New York almost daily for months to or in search of work, I have been amazed to see the magnitude of the preparations of the saloon-keeper, and of nobody else, to meet the summer rush of workingmen away from the city furnaces. Not only at democratic Coney Island, but all along the trolley lines, wherever the five and ten cent fare reaches, there in nature's cool and cozy nooks the saloon-keeper was making ready for music, games, and comradeship. His bank account grows as much by satisfying the best social instincts as by gratifying the baser appetites of men.

People who essay temperance work for workingmen fail amazingly to grasp the simple fact that the workingman is a man, not a puppy to be petted, nor a bad child to be spanked or managed. Nothing can be done *for* workingmen. The attempt is and of right ought to be a failure. There is nothing but what can be done *with* a workingman, or any other man, if love incarnate is the propelling power and common sense guides the helm. The would-be reformer who has not the knack of being a comrade had better "saw wood and say nothing."

His failure, which he ascribes to the total depravity and base ingratitude of men, is merely a case of that incapacity so tersely stated by the philosopher: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, I am nothing." To explain is not to defend. It is a pitiless but indisputable fact that the saloons have caught the meaning and adapted to business purposes the social philosophy of Christ that whosoever gives a cup of cold water to the thirsty, comradeship to the lonely, food to the hungry, shall not lose his reward. Society receives the reward of its "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these," in empty pews, in desecrated Sabbaths, in growing infidelity, in hopeless municipal misrule, in drunkards' graves. It is easy to proscribe, easy to prohibit, but to provide—there's the rub. Who, co-operating wisely with the workingman, will provide for the workingmen, and all men, those social and physical necessities now found practically only in the saloon? Primarily a place to dispense alcoholic drinks, the saloon has become the great

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democratic social settlement. To explain is not to defend.

Diagnosis is of more importance than nursing or medicine. It is criminal folly not to locate an enemy's batteries and not to know the nature of a foe.

The People at the Pan-American

By Lillian W. Betts

AFTER everything is said of the beautiful Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the most wonderful sight there is the people. Every section of our own country is represented, while the foreigners, especially the Spanish-Americans and Cubans, are constantly in evidence. The tongue of every civilized nation is heard, while the accent of every section of our own country shows how far-reaching is the interest of our people in this Exposition, the patriotic impulse of which is fully appreciated before the most careless of visitors has spent a day on the grounds. The early morning is most interesting. The crowds from the night trains come directly to the grounds, usually laden with hand-baggage and boxes, and in large parties. Tags on bags and boxes prove that every State each day sends its full quota of visitors.

That economy must control the expenditures of the majority is fearlessly, openly declared to any observer. Every moment one's country grows dearer, one's respect grows stronger for our magnificent people, as he watches this army of workers moving from building to building, from statue to statue, from garden to garden—here a party of teachers, there a group of mechanics, there a party of farmers and their wives and children. All are alert, all students, all learners. Every minute is an opportunity to see, to learn, to enjoy. How bravely and gayly the crowds enter the gates in the morning! The exhaustion of a night's travel—not always in a Pullman, as the toilets made under difficulties testify—has disappeared. There is no consciousness of bundles or wraps or baggage. The moment has come for which sacrifices have been made, which has been anticipated for months. The Pan-American Exposition lies before them in all its beauty.

Consultations are the order, once inside the gates. Which direction will most quickly meet the anticipations? which repay most quickly the sacrifices that made this moment possible?

Whatever may be said of previous Expositions, this is the Exposition of the people. Here and there are evidences of wealth; but the mass of the visitors to the Pan-American are the people who work with hands and head to earn their daily bread. The shoulders rounded over the desk, the laboratory, the book, the plow, are all there, telling their stories of service, giving the history of their owner's contribution to this epitome of American civilization. As noon approaches the feet move more slowly, lines appear in faces which in the morning were wreathed in smiles, the searching, questioning expression of the morning is giving way to bewilderment. So much has been seen; and the consciousness of how much more remains to be seen has sapped mental and physical strength, and every bench, every nook where a seat is possible, is taken. The first day there is a struggle to overcome the diffidence of eating in so public a place. This disappears rapidly, for mother-love yields before the importunity of a hungry child. Boxes are opened, and the family group, or the group of friends, are soon chatting, comparing notes, making comments, arranging for the afternoon. Here is a group of three women—tall, angular, severe. One wonders if anything but glue could make every hair, every line of the dress, from the hat down, assume and keep such absolutely rigid lines. There is a remoteness from the crowd about them that is not the remoteness of mere strangeness, but that which comes from lives lived apart from life. They look as though one more step were impossible. Each carries a box neatly wrapped and tied. They sit down in the shade of the beautiful electric building. Even to sit down in the shade is so grateful that they look

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at one another in enthusiastic silence. The crowds pass and repass. Soon every seat near them is taken. All about people are eating, children are being fed, the popcorn boy is shouting his wares. The three saints from the unknown land of Quiet look at each other, at the untied boxes in their laps, at the unconcerned lunchers all about them. There is no use; they never can eat so publicly. The tallest, the thinnest, the most rigid of the three speaks. One flash of unspoken admiration from either side into her face; the three rise, turn the bench around, and, facing the building, with their backs to this stream of life, they eat their lunches, happily forgetful of the public.

Were there ever so many husbands and wives with gray hair gathered together before! Was there ever seen before such constant evidence of deep-abiding love, strengthened by the years of life spent together, as is seen every day as one wanders through these buildings and grounds! Here, in the shadow of the pylons, on the bridge facing the electric tower, sits a man whose form is old but whose heart is young. In his lap is the head of his wife, covered thinly with gray hair twisted into a tight knot. Two gaitered feet are stretched out on the bench. Hands knotted and brown, sharp shoulders covered by the loosely fitting dress, tell the story of a lifetime of hard work, as the attitude tells of perfect love. She is sound asleep, though it would only be dinner-time at home. That husband and guardian knows full well how unconventional this is, but his expression is trying to tell you that there is nothing unusual in this afternoon nap in the sight of a passing public; his expression would shield her from even the mental comment of the observers. Later in the day they were seen in the Midway. The wife's eyes were bright, her cheeks pink as a girl's. Whatever pleasure came to that husband came through the pleasure of his wife. Nor was he alone in this attitude of mind. It was seen constantly. The family as it is seen at this Exposition is the finest product American civilization has to show.

No exhibit commands more appreciative attention than that of the United States Government. The most ardent advocate of economy in the expenditures of public money would have to admit that the money spent by the National Government in the Pan-American Exposition was money well invested. The exhibit is thoroughly intelligent, well placed and discriminated. Every department of the Government is expressed logically; even the scientific display is kept within the reach of the mind of the average layman. Whether it is an exhibition of the hospital corps, or the gun practice with the great guns, or the display of pure foods, or photographs of agricultural or horticultural specimens in health and disease, the result is in the highest degree educational. The calling into service of the stereopticon, the cinematograph, the phonograph, in the exhibit of the Department of National Education, is a source not only of keen pleasure but of educational value. The little room at all hours visited was crowded. The impulse given to industrial and manual training through the exhibits in the buildings of the Government and the States and in those devoted to the Latin-American exhibits will bear immediate fruit. A woman stood with some friends and her own two half-grown children before the exhibit from the schools of Chili. "My lands! look at that! Our children could not do that. I'm just ashamed of our school when I see what other places have done. We've got to wake up."

The interest in Cuba and its people is manifested by the crowded rooms filled with slowly moving people every hour the building is open, and no part of the exhibit arouses more interest than that of the schools, which is comprehensive and well arranged to tell its own story. Both Cuba and the Philippines are centers of vital interest and careful examination. However disastrous and shocking war and its consequent horrors are to our people, one inevitable result follows—a broadening of knowledge, of sympathy, of interests in and for other peoples. The exhibits from these two territories express the character and aim of their peoples; they were a revelation to our people, and will compel closer attention to the methods evolved at Washington for colonial government. The Pan-American has done more to hasten the day when war will have become one of the crudities of undeveloped civilization than all the declarations of principles and vituperations

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that have made and divided political parties, putting off the day of universal peace.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war,

and the Pan-American is one.

On the human side of the Pan-American Exposition the State buildings are, on the whole, the most interesting centers. In these buildings people gather with a sense of ownership. You can distinguish the aliens by the way they enter one of these buildings. The early morning is the most interesting time. The travelers by the night trains have arrived. Parcels and lunch-boxes are checked, toilets made, and then people register. These registers are in three columns, "Name," "Birthplace," "Present Address." As the home visitor turns these pages after registering, there are exclamations of delight, invariably, "Why, So-and-so is here. I haven't seen him since I went to school." "There! I am so glad, So-and-so was here last week, and he or she lives at ——. I'll write at once." Each State building provides post-office facilities, and the broken threads of friendship are soon knitted together. Then the unexpected meetings! Scarcely a quarter of an hour passes that does not reveal old friends in unexpected meetings. Sometimes two will watch each other for several minutes, and one then decides to ask, "Are you not So-and-so?" usually followed by quick grasping of hands. The sights and sounds of the moment are forgotten, and the two, or groups to which the two belong, are living over again the days of childhood and youth.

In one of the State buildings every evening a special effort is made to draw together the people of the State who are visiting the Exposition; this is due to the efforts of one of the State Senators present who is deeply interested in the Exposition. Hurried invitations were sent out one noon to a barn dance to be given in the State building that evening. Gray hair, age, and care forgotten, neighbors and friends long sundered, young men and maidens, sons and daughters of these friends, were introduced, and the barn dance under electric lights was a success. The building is admirably designed for purposes of entertaining. A large room with smaller rooms adjoining, broad balconies and veranda, provided for quiet conversations as well as dancing.

The spirit of homogeneity developed is perhaps best in evidence in the programme of one evening entertainment at the building of one of the Western States. A resident of a Southern State gave two dialect stories and a negro sermon, the daughter of one of the Commissioners for Honduras a piano solo, as did also a señorita from Porto Rico. A flute solo was given by a resident of San Domingo, in addition to music and an address by residents of the State. One afternoon the people in this part of the Exposition grounds gathered till verandas, rooms, and the grounds about were crowded with people listening to a lady singing. She had sat down at the piano to gratify a friend who had not heard her sing in many years. They were almost alone in the room when she began. The hush that fell on the crowds on the piazzas of the buildings near by, the silently gathering crowds who stood in the room and outside until the singing ceased, after the singer had responded to many encores, the keen enjoyment cordially expressed to the singer, made an impromptu musicale attended by friends.

The Midway is interesting always, but especially so in the evening. Its incongruity is perhaps its chief charm. Here, amid surroundings that suggest everything but America, wander people of every age and condition of life. Darling old ladies whose lives are devoted to the church and its missions saunter from show to show, not missing an audible or visible evidence of the foreign lives imitated so well here. Sitting in the restaurant of one of the foreign villages on the upper floor just as the sun was sinking, the ear and heart were stirred by the sweet silver tones of a cornet. "Abide with Me" floated out on the evening air. The Midway was crowded. The hideous "barkers" had ceased for a moment. The crowds stood still. The accompaniment was softly and sweetly played by a string orchestra. "Rock of Ages" followed. The player was a woman in the dress of a Japanese in the balcony of that village. One seemed a part of a dream. Below, Turk and Caucasian, Indian, African, Eskimo, and imitators of all, could be seen. As the sunset gun was fired from Fort Niagara "America" was played, and the hum of thousands of voices, modulated so well that the silver notes of the cornet

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kept them in tune, thrilled the listeners in the room far above it all.

The Stadium is the center of interest daily; contests of all kinds are held here. Bicycle races, ball games, tennis, foot races, all draw the people. It seats 12,000. On Army Day, when General Miles was the guest of the Exposition, three times this great arena held over 15,000 people. Tier on tier around the great expanse the people waited. When the soldiers appeared, what a roar of applause! It broke out again and again. When, in the late afternoon, the cadets from West Point entered the arena for dress parade, the enthusiasm of the multitude was a tribute to the Nation that produced such men. For that multitude had been observing the "West Point boys." They had seen the gray uniformed figures escorting about the grounds proud, hard-working fathers and mothers, and happy, proud sisters. Fathers and mothers had made sacrifices to fit the "boys" for the place they were now occupying. Each youth represented a contest in which he had come out victor; each one maintained his place by hard work, for one of the strongest of the educational exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition is the day's work required from these cadets. It was all this that added a new note to the enthusiastic welcome accorded them on Army Day at the Exposition.

The Temple of Music is another Mecca for the people. The building holds hundreds during each of the two daily concerts, while hundreds more, from lack of time, leave regretfully between the numbers of the programme. This is possible without interruption, as the doors are closed through the rendering of each number of the programme.

The climax of the day for every one is eight o'clock in the evening. As early as seven o'clock the crowds begin to gather in the Court of the Fountains, the Esplanade, on the Triumphal Bridge. The band from the Carlisle Indian School takes its place in the East Stand on the Esplanade. The light of day dies out of the sky. The soft gray of evening falls over the Tower, domes, and turrets; with it voices grow soft and low. Who can picture that multitude? There a group of swarthy men and women tell of southern suns; there a group, tired, worn, but alert, with rounded shoulders, sunburned skins, loosely fitting clothes, broad-brimmed hats, tell of fields and barns; there a group of Japanese in American clothes, over yonder a group of Chinese with hands crowded into pockets, stand huddled apart from the crowd. There on a bench sit four Turks in bagging trousers, fezes, and gold-trimmed jackets. Here stands a man carefully dressed, whose every movement bespeaks power. College girls, working-girls, soldiers, cadets, officers, and hundreds and thousands from the ranks of American men and women are gathered waiting. The few lights on the posts have disappeared, and semi-darkness envelops the scene. Pink dots appear everywhere. The Tower is softly luminous, the light coming from within; arches, domes, roofs, windows, columns, capitals, statues, are outlined by those pink dots of light. Softly but clearly the notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" float on the air. The people sitting rise, hats are removed; here and there a head is bowed; one feels the thrill of thousands of hearts moved by one great emotion. The dots of pink have now become lines of soft radiance growing whiter each minute. Strong and full are the notes of a song that, under the influence of the time, is a nation's anthem. So perfectly timed is this wonder of light that its fullest radiance is reached as the last note of music dies away.

But the spell is not broken. The thousands stand transfixed. Was there ever such a sight as this wonder of light and beauty and comradeship? Night after night the same miracle is wrought. North and South, East and West, and the land beyond the seas stand together patriots and brothers, each conscious that a spark of that Genius of Man that has made this moment possible lies within himself, that he is a contributor to the moment. Each goes forth a man of wider sympathies, with a clearer comprehension of the spirit of the civilization of which he is a part. Many men of many nations stand here together. Each will be a better citizen under whatever flag he claims protection, because he has had born within him a new conception of what it is to serve his country as one in the brotherhood of nations made visible at the Pan-American Exposition.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XIV.—The Bible Class

IF Mrs. Murray was not surprised to see Macdonald Dhu and Yankee walk in on Sabbath evening and sit down in the back seat, her class was. Indeed, the appearance of these two men at the class was considered an event so extraordinary as to give a decided shock to those who regularly attended, and their presence lent to the meeting an unusual interest and an undertone of excitement. To see Macdonald Dhu, whose attendance at the regular Sabbath services was something unusual, present at a religious meeting, which no one would consider it a duty to attend, was enough in itself to excite surprise; but when Yankee came in and sat beside him, the surprise was considerably intensified. For Yankee was considered to be quite outside the pale, and indeed in a way incapable of religious impression. No one expected Yankee to be religious. He was not a Presbyterian, knew nothing of the Shorter Catechism, not to speak of the Confession of Faith, and consequently was woefully ignorant of the elements of Christian knowledge that were deemed necessary to any true religious experience.

It was rumored that upon Yankee's first appearance in the country, some few years ago, he had, in an unguarded moment, acknowledged that "his people" had belonged to the Methodists, and that he himself "leaned toward" that peculiar sect. Such a confession was in itself enough to stamp him in the eyes of the community as one whose religious history must always be attended with more or less uncertainty. Few of them had ever seen a Methodist in the flesh. There were said to be some at Moose Creek (Mooscrick, as it was called), but they were known only by report. The younger and more untraveled portion of the community thought of them with a certain amount of awe and fear.

It was no wonder, then, that Yankee's appearance in Bible class produced a sensation. It was an evening of sensations, for not only were Macdonald Dhu and Yankee present, but Aleck McRae had driven up a load of people from below the Sixteenth. Ranald regarded his presence with considerable contempt.

"It is not much he cares for the Bible class, whatever," he confided to Don, who was sitting beside him.

But more remarkable and disturbing to Ranald than the presence of Aleck McRae was that of a young man sitting between Hughie and Maimie in the minister's pew. He was evidently from the city. One could see that from his fine clothes and his white shirt and collar. Ranald looked at him with deepening contempt. "Pride" was written all over him. Not only did he wear fine clothes and a white shirt and collar, but he wore them without any sign of awkwardness or apology in his manner, but, indeed, as if he enjoyed them. But the crowning proof of his "pride" Don noted with unutterable scorn.

"Look at him!" he said: "splits his head in the middle!"

Ranald found himself wondering how the young fop would look sitting in a pool of muddy water. How insufferable the young fellow's manners were! He sat quite close to Maimie, now and then whispering to her, evidently quite ignorant of how to behave in church. And Maimie, who ought to know better, was acting most disgracefully as well, whispering back, and smiling right into his face. Ranald was thoroughly ashamed of her. He could not deny that the young fellow

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was handsome, hatefully so, but he was evidently stuck full of conceit, and as he let his eyes wander over the congregation assembled, with a bold and critical stare, making remarks to Maimie in an undertone which could be heard over the church, Ranald felt his fingers twitching. The young man was older than Ranald, but Ranald would have given a good deal for an opportunity to "take him with one hand."

At this point Ranald's reflections were interrupted by Mrs. Murray rising to open the class.

"Will some one suggest a Psalm?" she asked, her cheek, usually pale, showing a slight color. It was always an ordeal for her to face her class ever since the men had been allowed to come, and the first moments were full of trial to her. Only her conscience and her fine courage kept her from turning back from this her path of duty.

At once from two or three came responses to her invitation, and a Psalm was chosen.

The singing was a distinct feature of the Bible class. There was nothing like it, not only in the other services of the congregation, but in any congregation in the whole county. The young people that formed that Bible class have long since grown into old men and women, but the echoes of that singing still reverberate through the chambers of their hearts when they stand up to sing certain tunes or certain Psalms. Once a week through the long winter they used to meet and sing to John "Aleck's" sounding beat for two or three hours. They learned to sing not only the old Psalm tunes but Psalm tunes never heard in the congregation before, as also hymns and anthems. The anthems and the hymns were, of course, never used in public worship. They were reserved for the sacred concert which John "Aleck" gave once a year. It was in the Bible class that he and his fellow-enthusiasts found opportunity to sing their new Psalm tunes, with now and then a hymn. When John "Aleck," a handsome, broad-shouldered six-footer, stood up and bit his tuning-fork to catch the pitch, the people straightened up in their seats and prepared to follow his lead. And after his great resonant voice had rolled out the first few notes of the tune, they caught him up with a vigor and enthusiasm that carried him along and inspired him to his mightiest efforts. Wonderful singing it was, full-toned, rhythmic, and well balanced.

With characteristic courage, the minister's wife had chosen Paul's Epistle to the Romans for the subject of study, and to-night the lesson was the redoubtable ninth chapter, that arsenal for Calvinistic champions.

First, the verses were repeated by the class in concert, and the members vied with each other in making this a perfect exercise; then the teaching of the chapter was set forth in simple, lucid speech. The last half-hour was devoted to the discussion of questions raised either by the teacher or by any member of the class. To-night the class was slow in asking questions. They were face to face with the tremendous Pauline Doctrine of Sovereignty. It was significant that by Macdonald Dhu, his brother, and the other older and more experienced members of the class the doctrine was regarded as absolutely inevitable and was accepted without question, while by Yankee and Ranald and all the younger members of the class it was rejected with fierce resentment. The older men had been taught by the experience of long and bitter years that above all their strength, however mighty, a Power, resistless and often inscrutable, determined their lives. The younger men, their hearts beating with conscious power and freedom, resented this control, or, accepting it, refused to assume the responsibility for the outcome of their lives. It was the old, old strife, the insoluble mystery; and the minister's wife, far from making light of it, allowed its full weight to press in upon the members of her class, and wisely left the question as the Apostle leaves it, with a statement of the two great truths of sovereignty and free will, without attempting the impossible task of harmonizing these into a perfect system. After a half-hour of discussion she brought the lesson to a close with a very short and very simple presentation of the practical bearing of the great doctrine. And while the mystery remained unsolved, the limpid clearness of her thought, the humble attitude of mind, the sympathy with doubt, and, above all, the sweet and tender pathos that filled her

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voice, sent the class away humbled, subdued, comforted, and willing to wait the day of clearer light.

The class was closed with prayer and singing. As a kind of treat, the last singing was a hymn, and they stood up to sing it. It was Perronet's great hymn sung to old Coronation; and when they came to the refrain, "Crown Him Lord of all," the very rafters of the little church rang with the mighty volume of sound. The Bible class always closed with a great outburst of singing, and as a rule Ranald went out tingling and thrilling through and through. But to-night, so deeply was he exercised with the unhappy doom of the unfortunate king of Egypt, from which, apparently, there was no escape, fixed as it was by the divine decree, and oppressed with the feeling that the same decree would determine the course of his life, he missed his usual thrill. He was walking off by himself in a perplexed and downcast mood, avoiding every one, even Don, and was nearly past the minister's gate when Hughie, excited and breathless, caught up to him and exclaimed:

"Oh, Ranald, was not that splendid? Man, I like to hear John 'Aleck' sing 'Crown Him' that way. And I say," he continued, "mother wants you to come in."

Then, all at once, Ranald remembered the young man who had behaved so disgracefully in the church.

"No," he said, firmly, "I must be hurrying home. The cows will be to milk yet."

"Oh, pshaw! you must come," pleaded Hughie; "we will have some singing. I want you to sing bass. Perhaps John 'Aleck' will come in." This was sheer guessing, but it was good bait. But the young man with "his head split in the middle" would be there, and perhaps Maimie would be "going on" with him as she did in the Bible class.

"You will tell your mother I could not come," he said. "Yankee and father are both out, and there will be no one at home."

"Well, I think you are pretty mean," said Hughie, grievously disappointed. "I wanted you to come in, and mother wanted Cousin Harry to see you."

"Cousin Harry?"

"Yes. Maimie's brother came last night, you know, and Maimie is going back with him in two weeks."

"Maimie's brother? Well, well! is that the nice-looking fellow that sat by you?"

"Huh-huh, he is awful nice, and mother wanted— "

"Indeed, he looks it, I am sure," Ranald said with sudden enthusiasm. "I would just like to know him if I thought Yankee would—"

"Oh, pshaw! Of course Yankee will milk the cows," exclaimed Hughie. "Come on, come on in!" And Ranald went to meet one of the great nights of his life.

"Here is Ranald," called Hughie at the top of his voice, as he entered the room where the family were gathered.

"You don't say so, Hughie?" answered his cousin, coming forward. "You ought to make that fact known. We all want to hear it."

Ranald liked him from the first. He was not a bit "proud" in spite of his fine clothes and his hair being "split in the middle."

"You're the chap," he said, stretching out his hand to Ranald, "that snatched Maimie from the fire. Mighty clever thing to do. We have heard a lot about you at our house. Why, every week—"

"Let some one else talk, Harry," interrupted Maimie, with cheeks flaming. "We are going to have some singing now. Here is auntie. Mayn't we use the piano?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Murray. "I was glad to see your father there to-night," she said to Ranald.

"And Yankee, mother."

"Hush, Hughie! You must call people by their right names. Now let us have some singing. I hear Ranald is singing bass these days."

"And bully good bass, too," cried Hughie. "John 'Aleck' says that it's the finest bass in the whole singing-school."

"Well, Hughie," said his mother, quietly, "I don't think it is necessary to shout even such pleasant information as that. Now go to your singing, and I shall listen."

She lay back in the big chair, looking so pale and weary that Harry hardly believed it was the same woman that had just been keeping a hundred and fifty people keenly alert for an hour and a half,

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and leading them with such intellectual and emotional power.

"That class is too hard for you, auntie," he said. "If I were your husband, I would not let you keep it on."

"But you see my husband is not here. He is twelve miles away."

"Then I would lock you up, or take you with me."

"Oh!" cried Hughie, "I would much rather teach the Bible class than listen to another sermon."

"Something in that," said his cousin, "especially if I were the preacher, eh?" at which they all laughed.

It was a happy hour for Ranald. He had been too shy to join the singing-school, and had never heard any part singing till he began to attend the Bible class. There he made the delightful discovery that, without any instruction, he could join in the bass, and had made also the further discovery that his voice, which he had thought rough and coarse, and for a year past worse than ever, could reach to extraordinary depths. One Sabbath evening it chanced that John "Aleck," who always had an ear open for a good voice, heard him rolling out his deep bass, and, seizing him on the spot, had made him promise to join the singing-school. There he discovered a talent and developed a taste for singing that delighted his leader's heart and opened out to himself a new world.

Since Maimie's coming the piano had been in daily use, and even on the Sabbath days, though not without danger to the sensibilities of the neighbors, she had used it to accompany the hymns with which the day always closed.

"Let us have the parts," cried Hughie. "Maimie and I will take the air, and Ranald will take the bass. Cousin Harry, can you sing?"

"Oh, I'll hum."

"Nonsense!" said Maimie; "he sings tenor splendidly."

"Oh, that's fine," cried Hughie, with delight. He himself was full of music. "Come on, Ranald, you stand up behind Maimie. You will need to see the notes, and I will sit here," planting himself beside his mother.

So Hughie arranged it all, and for an hour the singing went on, the favorite hymns of each being sung in turn. For the most part, Mrs. Murray sat silent, but now and then she would join with the others, singing alto when she did so, by Hughie's especial direction. Her voice was not strong, but it was true, mellow, and full of music. Hughie loved to hear her sing alto, and more especially because he liked to join in with her, which he was too shy to do alone, even in his home, and which he would never think of doing in the Bible class or in the presence of any of the boys, who might, for this reason, think him "proud." When they came to Hughie's turn, he chose the hymn by Bliss, recently published, "Whosoever Will." The words seemed to strike him to-night.

"Mother," he said, after singing it through, "does that mean everybody that likes?"

"Yes, my dear, any one that wishes."

"Pharaoh, mother?"

"Yes, Pharaoh, too."

"But, mother, you said he could not possibly."

"Only because he did not want to."

"But he could not, even if he did want to."

"I hope I did not say that," said his mother, smiling at the eager and earnest young face.

"No, auntie," said Harry, taking up Hughie's cause, "not exactly, but something very like it. You said that Pharaoh could not possibly have acted in any other way than he did."

"Yes, I said that."

"Not even if he wanted to?" asked Hughie.

"Oh, I did not say that."

"'The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart,'" quoted Ranald, who knew his Bible better than Harry.

"Yes, that's it," said Harry, "and so that made it impossible for Pharaoh to do anything else. He could not help following after those people."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Murray. "What made him follow? Now, just think, what made him follow after those people?"

"Why, he wanted to get them back," said Hughie.

"Quite true," said his mother. "So, you see, he did exactly as he wanted to."

"Then, you mean, the Lord had nothing to do with it?" asked Ranald.

"No, I could not say that."

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"Then," said Harry, "Pharaoh could not help himself. Now could he?"

"He did what he wished to do," said his aunt.

"Yes," said Ranald, quickly, "but could he help wishing to do what he did?"

"If he had been a different man, more humble-minded, and more willing to be taught, he would not have wished to do what he did."

"Mother," said Hughie, changing his ground a little and lowering his voice, "do you think Pharaoh is lost, and all his soldiers, and—and all the people who were bad?"

Mrs. Murray looked at him in silence for a few moments, then said, very sadly:

"I can't answer that question, Hughie. I do not know."

"But, mother," persisted Hughie, "are not wicked people lost?"

"Yes, Hughie," replied his mother. "All those who do not repent of their sins and cry to God for mercy."

"Oh, mother," cried Hughie, "forever?"

His mother did not reply.

"Will He never let them out, mother?" continued Hughie in piteous appeal.

"Listen to me, Hughie," said his mother, very gently. "We know very little about this. Would you be very sorry, even for very bad men?"

"Oh, mother," cried Hughie, his tender little heart moved with a great compassion, "think of a whole year, all summer long and all winter long! I think I would let anybody out."

"Then, Hughie, dear," said his mother, "remember that God is much kinder than you are, and has a far more tender heart, and he will do nothing unkind, you may be quite sure of that. Do not forget how he gave up his own dear Son for us."

Poor Hughie could bear it no longer. He put his head in his mother's lap and sobbed out:

"Oh, mother, I hope he will let them out!"

As he uttered this pitiful little cry his cousin Harry got up from his chair and moved across to the window, while Maimie openly wiped her eyes; but Ranald sat, with his face set hard and his eyes gleaming, waiting eagerly for Mrs. Murray's answer.

The mother stroked Hughie's head softly, and, while her tears fell on the brown curls, said to him:

"You would not be afraid to trust your mother, Hughie; and our Father in heaven loves us all much more than I love you," and with that Hughie was content.

"Now let us sing one more hymn," said his mother. "It's my choice," and she chose one of the new hymns which they had just learned in the singing-school, and of which Hughie was very fond—the children's hymn, "Come to the Saviour." While they were singing, they heard Mr. Murray drive into the yard.

"There's papa," said Mrs. Murray. "He will be tired and hungry," and she hurried out to meet her husband, followed by Harry and Hughie, leaving Ranald and Maimie in the room together. Ranald had never been alone with her before, nor indeed had he ever spent five minutes of his life alone with any girl before now. But he did not feel awkward or shy; he was thinking now, as he had been thinking now and then through the whole evening, of only one thing—that Maimie was going away. That would make a great difference to him, so great that he was conscious of a heart-sinking at the mere thought of it. During the last weeks his life had come to move about a center, and that center was Maimie; and now that she was going away, there would be nothing left—nothing, that is, that really mattered. But the question he was revolving in his mind was, Would she forget all about him? He knew he would never forget her; that was of course impossible, for so many things would remind him of her. He would never see the sunlight falling through the trees as it fell that night of the sugaring-off, without thinking of her. He would never see the shadows in the evening, or hear the wind in the leaves, without thinking of her. The church and the minister's pew, the manse and all belonging to it, would remind him of Maimie. He would recall how she looked at different times and places, the turn of her head, the way her hair fell on her neck, her laugh, the little toss of her chin and the curve in her lips. He would remember everything about her. Would she remember him? or would she forget him? That was the

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question burning in his heart; and that question he must have settled, and this was the time.

But though these thoughts and emotions were rushing through his brain and blood, he felt strangely quiet and self-controlled as he walked over to her where she stood beside the piano, and, looking into her eyes with an intensity of gaze that she could not meet, said, in a low, quick voice,

"You are going away?"

"Yes," she replied, so startled that the easy smile with which she had greeted him faded out of her face. "In two weeks I shall be gone."

"Gone!" echoed Ranald. "Yes, you will be gone. Will you forget me?" His tone was almost stern.

"Why, no," she said in a surprised voice, "of course not. Did you not save my life? You will be far more likely to forget me."

"No," he said simply, as if that possibility need not be considered. "I will never forget you. I will always be thinking of you. Will you think of me?" he persisted.

"Why, certainly. Wouldn't I be a very ungrateful girl if I did not?"

"Ungrateful!" exclaimed Ranald, impatiently. "What I did was nothing. Forget that. Do you not understand me? I will be thinking of you every day, in the morning and at night, and I never thought of any one else for a day. Will you be thinking of me?"

There was a movement in the kitchen, and they could hear the minister talking to Harry; and some one was moving toward the door.

"Tell me, Maimie, quick," said Ranald, and, though his voice was intense and stern, there was appeal in it as well.

She took a step nearer him, and, looking up into his face, said in a whisper:

"Yes, Ranald, I will always remember you, and think of you."

Swiftly, almost fiercely, he threw his arms about her and kissed her lips; then he stood back looking at her.

"I could not help it," he said, boldly; "you made me."

"Made you?" exclaimed Maimie, her face hot with blushes.

"Yes, you made me. I could not help it," he repeated, "and I do not care if you are angry. I am glad I did it."

"Glad?" echoed Maimie again, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, glad," he said, exultantly. "Are you?"

She made no reply. The door opened behind them.

She sank down upon the piano-stool and let her hands fall upon the keys.

"Are you?" he demanded, ignoring the interruption.

With her head low down, while she struck the chords of the hymn they had just sung, she said, hesitatingly:

"I am not sorry."

"Sorry for what?" said Harry.

"Oh, nothing," said Maimie, lightly.

"Nobody is, if he has got any sense."

Then Mrs. Murray came in.

"Won't you stay for supper, Ranald? You must be hungry."

"No, thank you," said Ranald; "I must go now."

He shook hands with an ease and freedom that the minister had never seen in him, and went out.

"That young man is coming on," said the minister. "I never saw any one change and develop as he has in the last few months. Let me see. He is only sixteen, isn't he? and he might be twenty-one." The minister spoke as if he were not too well pleased with this precocity in Ranald. But little did Ranald care. That young man was striding homeward through the night, his head striking the stars.

His path lay through the woods, and when he came to the "sugar camp" road he stood still and let the memories of the night when he had snatched Maimie from the fire troop through his mind. Suddenly he thought of Aleck McRae, and laughed aloud.

"Poor Aleck!" he said. Aleck seemed so harmless to him now. And then he stood silent, motionless, looking straight toward the stars, but seeing them not. He was remembering Maimie's face when she said, "Yes, Ranald, I will always remember you, and think of you," and then the thought of what followed sent the blood jumping through his veins.

"She will not forget," he said aloud, and went on his way. It was his happy night, the happiest of his life thus far, and he would always be happy. What difference could anything make!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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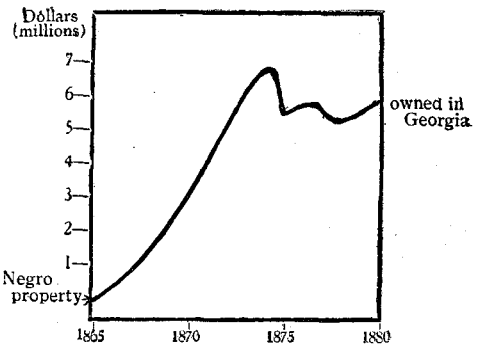
The Savings of Black Georgia[1]

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

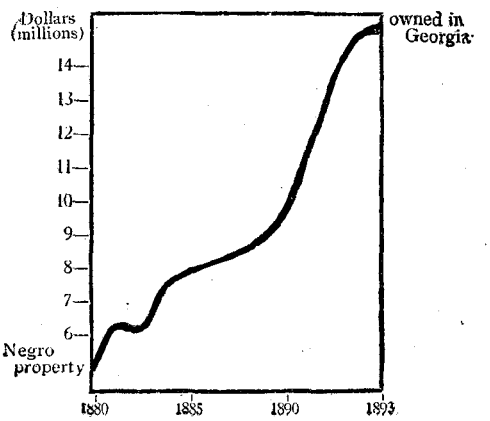
IN a commonwealth as large as England and Wales live nearly a million black folk beside more than a million whites. Forty thousand of the fathers of these whites owned a half-million of the fathers and mothers of the blacks—owned them body and soul, bought them and sold them, and won wealth from their unpaid toil. Then, in a whirl of passion and blood, all this was changed, and angry, bankrupt masters looked askance upon 466,000 freedmen. The black people looked confidently northward for something in the line of mules and land. For one cannot live on bare freedom, and little else was in sight, save the grim old master. But the something did not come. To be sure, some marshy islands, half swallowed by the sea, were given to the freedmen, and part of them taken back again. Confiscated plantations were leased, but afterward had to be surrendered, so that by 1864 the freedmen had a bit of land, some bounty money, and their hands.

This story is to tell how the Georgia negro, thus launched alone on turbulent seas, went to work to save something for himself and his children. In the first decade—1864 to 1874—he accumulated rapidly. A new enthusiasm burned in his soul; it seemed so strange a thing to call himself his own. The master was discouraged. He saw the end of an era, and mistook it for the end of the world. Some sold their land cheaply to the negroes, others gave it away to favorite old slaves, in half-amused, half-bitter doubt. The Freedmen's Bureau helped and hindered. So in those first ten years Georgia negroes secured 340,000 acres of land and over four million dollars' worth of other property. Not that the land was of much account—it averaged but $4 an acre—or the rest of the property very desirable; still, it was a good beginning.

Then came stormy times. There was the Ku Klux Klan, the withdrawal of the Freedmen's Bureau, the panic of 1873, and the rise in the South of a new hatred of black men because of their blackness and because of their sins of others. A wise government left its wards defenseless before the tempest. What can picture the result better than this?



By 1880 conditions began to improve. Political troubles lessened, law and order prevailed to a larger extent, and, above all, economic forces were shaping themselves in this great undeveloped land. Cotton, which had been sinking steadily from the famine prices of war time to 10½ cents a pound in the seventies, now rose suddenly again. The phrase "New South" crept into conversation, and the black laborers of Georgia spat on their hands and began to dig again. It was a wonderful spurt they made in saving in the following decade. Few peasantries can show a like record. In twelve years they increased their property in Georgia one hundred and sixty per cent., or from less than six to fifteen millions of dollars.



[1] The detailed statistics upon which this article is based are to be found in the author's contribution to the United States Bulletin of Labor for July, 1901.

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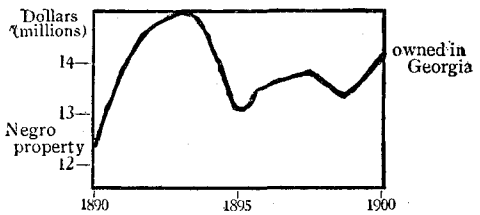
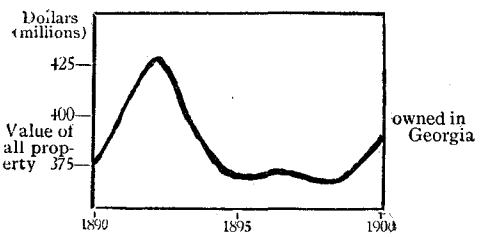
The thought of a commercial panic almost inevitably takes one's mind to Wall Street or Lombard. We have visions of stock exchanges, banks, and millionaires. But this is but the froth of panics. The real storm, the real tragedy, is spread broadcast over the land. Away back in the country are the ruined homes, the mortgages foreclosed, the hopes of whole lives blighted. Down in the Black Belt of Georgia was felt the full flat force of the blow that struck honest industry in 1892 and 1893. To cap the disturbance in other industrial conditions, down fell the price of cotton: from 11½ cents a pound in 1890 to 7⅔ in 1892; then, with a moment of recovery, to 6½ in 1895, and, after a temporary rise, to 5¼ in 1898. And this was the result:



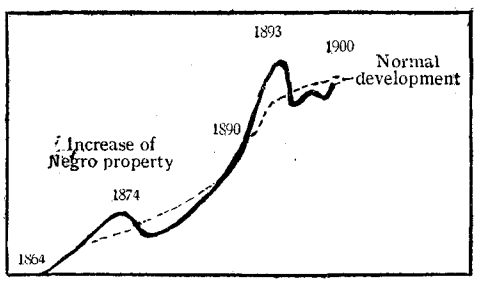
The total property values of the State, negro and white, felt the same heavy hand of financial depression:



What followed? What must follow but irritation and disappointment, lawlessness and oppression, lynching and crime? Much has been written on the epidemic of barbarity that has recently disgraced the South. But in no case have I seen the panic of '93 given its true weight as a cause. Alone, without a delicate problem of race adjustment, crime was inevitable. In Georgia, in the South, there was added to the distress and vice of a struggling proletariat the dawning attempt of the New South to settle the status of black men. A series of new proscriptive laws were being passed which were peculiarly galling and insulting not to the worst but to the best of the negroes. Disfranchisement and repression were in the air, and black Georgia grew discouraged. The poor and meaner whites along with their own distress became suddenly aware of the prosperity of their black neighbors, and it made them jealous and angry. The negroes in sudden misfortune became aware of the new slavery of debt—the crop-lien system—which, slowly and cunningly devised under the shadow of prejudice, now consists in carrying the mortgage system down till it includes not simply houses and lands, but vegetables, animals, and men, makes payment hard, interest enormous, and foreclosure easy. In the decade of prosperity a horde of rascals had sprung up to prey on the negroes' industry and carelessness. There were unscrupulous Jews, grasping Yankees, sons of poor whites; they sold furniture on "installments," they founded tempting "insurance" schemes, they swindled with cheap clocks and organs, and, by the aid of careless laws and the silence of the silent South, they fleeced these black lambs shamelessly, and they are still fleecing.

Struggle, hesitation, and doubt has been the history of Georgia negroes in the last decade. Often I have had them come to me, saying: "But what will be the end of it all? Is there any use striving? *Will* these white folks ever give the colored man a chance?"

Woe to the South when the negro loses hope! In this crisis the tide has already turned, but it was dangerous sailing down there near the turning—how dangerous, few knew. In 1899 cotton rose with a jump to 8½, then 10 cents a pound. In the whole land industrial conditions had already improved, and in the South the gospel of work outpreached the anathema of lawlessness. The black man to-day is saving again. Indeed, perhaps, rightly interpreted, that rise and fall of values in the nineties was but the passing of an abnormal wave, like that of the seventies:



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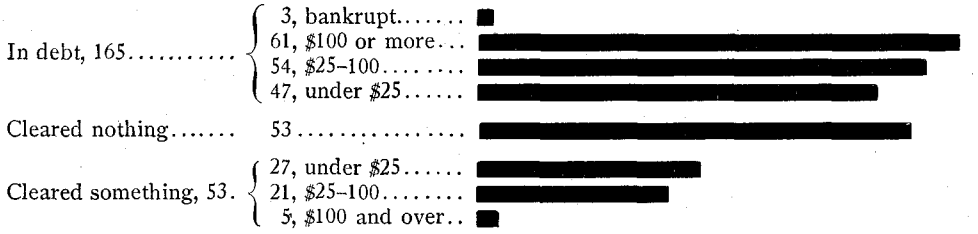
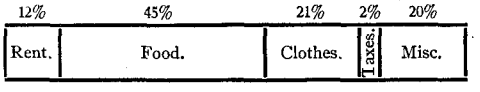
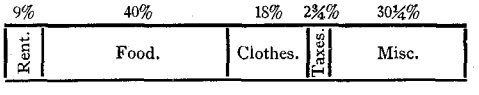
Such have been the savings of Black Georgia. Considered in bulk and compared with the capitalization of the Steel Trust, they are modest, very modest. Yet in real value these fourteen millions mean something like $125 for each black family in Georgia—the accumulations of a generation starting with nothing. To appreciate rightly the whole meaning of this, one must consider the incomes. In the country where the crop-lien and contract-labor systems prevail, it is difficult to get at the real income. In 1898, when cotton was lowest, a group of two hundred and seventy-one black farm families, after twelve months' toil, came out at the end of the year as follows:



In other words, the great mass of these people worked that year for their board and clothes. In more prosperous years they make more and spend more, for it savors of the gambler's risk and gain. In the cities and towns incomes are far better, but even here eighty per cent. of the black families have incomes under $500 per year, and over forty per cent. under $300. Expenses of living in the town are naturally higher. The incomes of those who earn less than $300 usually go like this:



Those who have from $300 to $500 income spend it this way:



The savings made from these families are distributed in bits here and there, and not concentrated in a few hands. The average size of the negro land-holdings, outside of towns, is sixty-three acres. Nearly a third of the farms are under ten acres, a little over a fourth from ten to forty acres, and less than a fourth forty to one hundred acres. Half the farms are worth less than $100, and only ten per cent. are assessed $500 and more. In the towns the bulk of the property is in holdings of $100 to $500. The towns with something over one-tenth of the total negro population own one-third of the total property—a fact that shows that some beside the vagabonds are hastening to town.

Outside land and homes there is little investment of savings. Two and a half millions are in mules, cattle, and stock for the farms; a half million in farming tools, and a million and a half in household furniture. $73,000 is invested in merchandise.

Thus has the Georgia freedman saved. It is but a beginning, but a beginning to be proud of and to be encouraged. There is no *one* negro problem, and consequently no *one* solution. The day is dawning when this will be more widely recognized, and the man with the panacea will be publicly stamped as a quack. Among other negro problems, here is one problem of encouraging savings among men whom the Nation for centuries taught to be shiftless. A movement for penny savings banks and land and building associations is needed throughout the South, to atone for the shameful disgrace of the Freedman's Bank, and to make thrift worth while.

In the beautiful new business block built by the Prudential Insurance Company in Atlanta, Ga., is a great marble corridor. Within this are two passenger elevators and a freight elevator. On the latter is this sign: "*For Negroes and other large Packages.*" A people who in the midst of public insult and private wrong have saved fourteen millions in a generation deserve encouragement. *Their* blackness certainly means something—it means Pluck.

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Principal Robert Rainy

By Edward Huntting Rudd

IN one of the grammar-schools of Glasgow, nearly threescore years ago, two boys sat as schoolmates on the same bench. On the last day of October, 1900, these same two, in the full glory of their maturer life-work, sat together on the same platform in Scotland's chief city, each participants in an epoch-making event in church history. One was the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, who, like many another distinguished guest on that historic occasion, preaches in a local center, but belongs not only to England but to the world, for his words have gone out to the ends of the earth. His companion was the great ecclesiastical leader and church historian, the Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D., LL.D., of New College, Edinburgh.

In 1883–84 the writer sat as a student in Dr. Rainy's class-room, and felt the permanent influence of his warm personal friendship. Any just estimate of this noted personality must link itself with the events of June, 1900. The writer then attended that already historic General Assembly, the last regular one convened by the Free Church of Scotland as such before its union with the United Presbyterian Church, and at this time (June, 1901) the first Assembly of the century sits as the General Assembly of the United Free Church.

No city in the British Empire, and perhaps in the world, lends itself more naturally to give picturesqueness to a great popular demonstration than does Edinburgh—Auld Reekie, as some love to call it. And the Divinity Colleges of the two great Churches are located in the very center of the historic city. New College and the great Assembly Hall almost adjoin the entrance to the Castle.

Here was enacted an event which will influence the whole coming century, I believe. When that vast audience of over six thousand people sang the Psalm beginning,

> Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell,

the effect brought its own immediate benign result. It was appropriate that the oldest minister of the Free Church should present the motion for the union—the Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, a pre-Disruption missionary, of whom the "Athenæum" once said that his was "the acutest mind ever given to the service of the Cross in India." Of course this motion for union was seconded by a representative of the United Presbyterian Church. The honor was worthily bestowed on the oldest minister of the denomination, Dr. Andrew Henderson, of Paisley. Then came the moment so solemn and yet so significant, the culmination of years of prayer and toil, of concession and diplomacy, of generous sacrifice for the larger and broader work now to be accomplished. It was a scene not unlike the great event of 1843, when the participants in the organization of the Free Church included such men as Welsh, and Thomas Chalmers, James McCosh, and later Candlish and Cunningham, and Hugh Miller, Thomas Guthrie, Horatius Bonar; some of her great modern preachers like Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall, Dr. Oswald Dykes, and Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh; and such saintlike men as Murray McChayne, Andrew Bonar, and Robert Barbour. Surely, then, a "great cloud of witnesses" were associated with this event of mighty moment. Dr. Walter Ross Taylor constituted with prayer the first General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland. It was not difficult to select a Moderator. By unanimous consent, the one great outstanding personality in the whole mighty assemblage was Principal Robert Rainy, D.D., LL.D., the sole survivor of the original Committee on Union appointed in 1863. He has now completed his year, and preaches his sermon as retiring Moderator. Let us look for a moment at this man. A tall, commanding figure, broad-shouldered and erect, with step elastic, an eye keen and kindly but penetrating, quick to read and estimate men, a firm, strong mouth, from whose lips only words of kindness and Christian grace have fallen, a promi-

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nent nose and high forehead, hair whitened by the years of unusual toil and responsibility, white side-whiskers worn as the Scotch so often wear them, and with a hearty, informal, and friendly grasp of the hand and smile from a face glowing with kindly interest—this in part is the man so beloved and honored in the Land o' Cakes and Kirks. Principal Rainy is what he is because his was the heritage of great souls before him, and reference to them must explain the men of to-day. While great events need great leaders, it is also true that broad-minded and great-souled leaders bring to final issue great events. The Free Church from the time of the Disruption in 1843 has had great leaders, notably four: standing at the front was Thomas Chalmers, that mighty man of whom Dr. Stalker has said that "he had a deep and inexhaustible faith in what could be made of the common man if his nature were quickened by the touch of the Gospel, and he was affected with infinite compassion by the sight of the masses of the Scottish people in the large cities sunk in poverty, ignorance, and vice. In the prime of his life in Glasgow he attacked the problem of the churchless poor with an enthusiasm which attracted to his side the finest spirits in the population of the West; and later, in his old age, with the same unwearied courage and inventiveness, he worked out the problem in Edinburgh." This man helped give the indelible stamp to the Free Church of its tireless devotion to Home and City Missions. The Church now required a leader who would place the emphasis where it was needed in other departments, and Dr. Candlish succeeded Dr. Chalmers and developed the practical conduct of the Church's business. Dr. Buchanan was the next great leader, and then came Dr. Rainy, the one of whom Joseph Parker, of London, said that "he was raised up of God to do this holy work, which probably no other living man could do. I have seen great assemblies and great receptions, but I do not at this moment recall any reception equal to the one you have just accorded to your honorable, honored, and revered Moderator, Principal Robert Rainy." A recent writer says of him: "The greatest leader we have in Scotland, in any field of action, whose firmness and trenchancy of decision are manifest to all men. He is at the same time supreme in sympathetic understanding. Nothing is greater in him than his combination of authority and insight. We marvel at the width of his understanding. He enters into the thoughts and perplexities of the most diverse kinds of men. He has a view inside every mind, and thus can understand the difficulties and the suspicion which every new development of policy awakens. But, with all that, he is able to accept the responsibility and to take a course of his own."

Dr. Rainy's opening sermon as Moderator was mature, and combined statesmanlike wisdom with profound feeling. He frankly admitted that this union, great as it was, was incomplete; that without the Established Church of Scotland they could not be made perfect. He believed a larger Presbyterianism for Scotland would come, "free from the risks and temptations of a statutory connection with the State." This final completed union was both his steadfast expectation and ardent desire. It was significant, and may we not hope full of prophecy, that when Dr. Cameron Lees, the head of St. Giles Cathedral, the Westminster Abbey of the Established Church in Scotland, spoke as one who rejoiced to participate in this significant event, and, almost echoing Dr. Rainy's words, said that he did not know how the larger union might come, but God could work his own work in ways we knew not of, Dr. Lees's speech was received with evident and intense joy; for, as one put it, "whatever the difficulties, and they are many; whatever the controversies, and they cannot be avoided, there is in Scottish Christian hearts so deep a desire for union that it must one day be." Surely if the Established Church is to maintain its hold on wandering waifs of the street, it must unite, as the following will show: A minister found a lad looking into the Sunday-school window, and asked him to come in and join the Sunday-school and grow up a good man. "What sort o' Sunday-schule is't? 'Stablished?" "Yes; are you coming in?" "Na," replied the boy; "I tried the 'Stablished Kirk Sunday-schule last year, an' only got twa fardin' oranges an' a pock o' sweeties at the Christmas tree, sae I'm gaun to gie the Free Kirk a trial this year."

Among the other great occasions in connection with the union there was one to

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celebrate the fiftieth anniversary or jubilee of New College, the Divinity Hall of the Free Church. Rainy Hall, much the same as Memorial Hall of Harvard, was formally opened, and it was made the happy occasion for reviewing the history of theologic thought and of the great men gone and still living. Addresses were made by Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), Dr. James Stalker, of Glasgow, who presided, and Dr. George Adam Smith. Surely New College might well be proud to get three such sons back on so great an occasion. These three and the late Henry Drummond were all students together at New College at the same time. A great feature of the new Rainy Hall, reminding one of Memorial Hall at Harvard, is the large dining-hall or Commons where the students get their dinners each day except on the Sabbath. This serves to draw the students in close fellowship and companionship. Dinner is furnished about cost price, and is the hearty meal of the day to not a few of the Scotch young divinity students. At least one and often more of the professors dine each day with their students and thus come into informal and personal touch.

Those occasions were inspired by the presence of a foremost Hebrew scholar of his day, the Rev. Professor A. B. Davidson. Another guest of the jubilee banquet was Professor David Masson, late Professor of Belles-Lettres in Edinburgh University, author of many charming books. Of Dr. Rainy, Dr. Masson said, "He is the maker of recent Scottish history. No man can be pointed to now over Scotland who, by the unanimous vote and pride of Scotland, has constituted himself so distinctly the national functionary as Dr. Rainy." The Rev. Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, brought his richly stored mind to yield of its treasures, dealing in part with the great names of the past, of whom he mentioned John Brown, of Haddington, the Erskines, Dr. Eadie, Dr. John Ker, Principal Cairns, Professors A. B. Bruce and Cunningham, and "Rabbi" Duncan and William Robertson Smith.

Dr. Rainy has felt the throb and touch of these men in his years of service. Dr. Rainy recently completed thirty-nine years as occupant of the chair of Church History in New College, one of the theological seminaries of the Free Church of Scotland in Edinburgh. For twenty-five years he has been the Principal or President of the College, and completes his jubilee—fifty years—as a minister of the Gospel.

In 1861 he made his first great speech in the Assembly during the debate on the Australian Union; and ever since then he has been a foremost leader in debate. He is a keen observer, quiet, and at times gives the impression of being indifferent, almost as though dreaming, but in a twinkling he fires up and one can feel his eloquence. He holds himself under absolute control. His sense of humor often might arm him with sarcasm, but seldom does he use that weapon in debate. He seems incapable of unkind, cutting, or mean utterance. A recent writer explains his power to be found in his wisdom, a lofty and noble character, and the entire absence of a desire to rule. A man for a crisis—such more than once has he proven. Steady, level-headed, but persistent and persevering, yet patient, he was born to command. As a guide in theological discussions and controversies he has been an "open-eyed conservative." He respects the old yet recognizes the claim of the new. He is not in sympathy with later modifications in theology. He is concessive when wise and necessary. He believes that much so-called advance has been retrogression. He is always tolerant, and gladly recognizes the truth and piety of those who have differed from him ecclesiastically, and he has ever striven to remove all barriers. He is and has ever been a leader, because first a learner; and, best of all, the great overmastering thought of his life is that he is a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, at His bidding, seeking to get guidance and light from Him in every step in life. He would not be great unless he were modest, hence his brethren love the more to honor him, and he has doubtless received more honors at the hands of the Church of Christ than any man of recent years in Scotland.

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Anthropology and the Fall of Man[1]

By Charles James Wood

ANY one who is interested in such matters has long ago learned that the myths and folk-lore of many peoples contain among their constant factors a story of a primal error of mankind which caused retrogression or degeneracy, or at any rate defect. There has been a golden age, said the Romans; a perfect age of the culture hero Manco Capac, said the Peruvians. The Semitic form of the theory embedded in the Jewish sacred book is familiar. Is this event historical, say prehistorical, having occurred shortly after the Quaternary period, or shall we call it a soul-history or a psychical experience? Mr. Lang's "onliest own" pet theory is that primitive man had a high idea of God. In this guess we agree with Mr. Lang. The most ancient passages of the "Per-em-hru," commonly called the Egyptian Book of the Dead, show a transcendent idea of God. Later a materialistic degeneracy debased the Egyptian religion. The earlier portions of the "Mahabharata" are spiritual compared with later. Travelers agree that the unsophisticated savage is often found to have lofty and spiritual religious notions. Now Mr. Lang girds at Mr. Tylor because Mr. Tylor thinks that when primitive people have exalted religious ideas they must have borrowed them from Christian missionaries. Had Mr. Lang thought of the late Dr. D. G. Brinton's researches, he could have easily refuted Mr. Tylor's theory. Also the late Mr. Frank Cushing, who passed years among the Zuñi as a member of their tribe, gave me instances of Zuñi religious conceptions more lofty and more spiritual than those of the average American mechanic and merchant. It is quite true that among the Amuta of Australia, as among the Hindus and Pacific islanders to-day, the Supreme Being is often thought of as "otiose," like the gods of the lotus-eaters as Tennyson described them, paraphrasing a little the beautiful description of Plutarch.

However, when Mr. Lang begins to extend his theory and to guess that the original idea of God was superior, but that it degenerated, I must object. We lack data for this supposition. More likely the case is one of arrested development. No doubt there have been "Falls of Man." We do not join in the contest of those who cry "descent of man" against those whose war-cry is "ascent of man." In its ethical and psychical aspects it may have been "a fall upward." Perhaps it may be, after all, only a matter of words. What I cannot accept from Lang is the anthropological fall—at any rate, till he affords some better guess. When he falls afoul of Mr. Frazer anent "The Golden Bough," and the Sacæan King who was divine and was scourged and slain, we may blithely admit that Mr. Lang exposes all the weaknesses of his adversary's theory. Still, Mr. Frazer's strong points quite naturally are not mentioned by the critical Mr. Lang. The reader must consult "The Golden Bough" itself, for that work is not worthy of all the contempt that Mr. Lang pours upon it, even if some part of Mr. Frazer's theory is as bare of testimony as Mr. Lang's. Notably, Mr. Frazer thoughtlessly conjectures that religion arose because magic failed. All the facts of primitive religion are against this guess. Magic exists alongside religion, and sometimes outlasts religion, as in ancient Assyria. In our day unbelievers believe in luck. The irreligious on the turf and at the card-table are mostly given to superstition and magic. The American Indian of the Southwest dashed water upon those engaged in the corn-dance. That is an act of sympathetic magic intended to bring rain. The Pueblo woman, molding an animal-shaped water-vessel, when she comes to close the last orifice shuts her eyes in holy dread—her labor has been a liturgic religious function, and the duck-shaped vessel she has made has magic properties.

Mr. Stewart Culin has pretty conclusively shown that many games in their origin are divinatory and in their practice were for long time magical. The pack of cards may be traced back to the primitive ceremonial circuit and the four rivers of

[1] *Magic and Religion.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 2 vols. $4.

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paradise. The necromancers and magicians of the Middle Ages were wishful to have the sword with which they traced the mystic circle laid under the corporal at mass, or blessed by a genuine priest; and the devotees of modern satanism need to have a recreant priest (Chanoine Dôcre), a black mass, and the other hideous, mind-defiling objects described by Huysmann and others. Magic exists alongside of religion, as the case of Gilles de Ray, the original Bluebeard, proves. Mr. Walter Skeat discourses on Malay magic, and we find that magic to be founded upon the Malay's religious ideas. Here in York County we have the *powwow* doctors, nothing other than magicians; at the same time these *powwow* doctors do not dream that they are not good Christians and that the sixth book of Moses is not God-inspired. Any one can see in the museums of this country the Syriac charms worn by Christian descendants of those who saw Jesus. Further than this, many a Christian's conception of the sacraments is as of magical rites. Decidedly, then, Mr. Frazer's theory that where magic ends, there religion begins, will not hold water. Mr. Lang has put "magic" into the title of his book, but spends small space or mental strength discussing the topic. In reality, magic is a factor in human development, or in the retarding of religious evolution, very sinister and potent. Due to spiritual and intellectual inertia, magic has furtively entered and degraded most religions. When religions and philosophies went to seed at Alexandria, then magic, theosophy, and materialism dominated. Thaumaturgy flourished. At the present day we are at a point of mental and spiritual transition in some ways resembling that of the Alexandrians during the first three centuries of our era. We are only becoming generally aware of subliminal consciousness, of telepathy and hypnotism, of influence from afar, and like phenomena to us mysterious. The danger is of a recrudescence of extinct magic rites. Crystals for gazing are now openly advertised, and divining-rods.

Madame Blavatsky is dead, but other thaumaturgists announce themselves, with or without spirit rappings. "It's a mad world, my masters!" All this anthropological investigation will one day be utilized for social and spiritual progress. It is for that reason that we call attention to the subject. Whether Mr. Lang's, Mr. Frazer's, or Professor Tylor's theories prevail matters much when the history of religious thought comes to be critically examined. We must avoid mistakes, and whatever be the truth, with that shall we be satisfied. At the same time let us keep in mind that

God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest our good custom should corrupt the world.

Even the enlightened Anglo-Saxon is not sufficiently educated, developed, or evolved in religion to be beyond the danger of retrograding into magic. The fall can again take place when the sibilant whisper is heard, "You shall be a god, knowing good and evil." Prone are we to relapse to savagery.

American Oratory[1]

SOME one has said that colonial architecture was the New England carpenter's conception of the classical. Certainly the effort to establish a highly developed civilization in the wilderness has been characteristic of America from the Latinity of the Pilgrims to the automobiles of Chilkoot Pass. That is why the "spread-eagle oration" is a distinctively American product. It is the Yankee version of Cicero.

But when the serious problems of commercial life have arisen, when the broad acres of a country estate have been exchanged for a city house lot, the American builder, dextrously abandoning tradition and even the principles of architecture, has reared his steel structure, a brand-new type of building. So in the stress of war or political strife, when speech has had more serious business on hand than to amuse or enthrall an audience, the American orator has forgotten his Cicero, has abandoned his artificial rules of rhetoric, and has used his English as he would a weapon that was to be used

[1] *The World's Orators.* Comprising the Great Orations of the World's History, with Introductory Essays, Biographical Sketches, and Critical Notes. Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., Editor-in-Chief. With Illustrations. Vols. VIII., IX., and X., Orators of America. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. $3.50 per vol.

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but once, then thrown away; and has used it with telling effect. It is the swaying between these two kinds of address, the ornate and the pungent, the artificial and the homely, that has marked the development of oratory in America. In what direction oratory should swing has been determined almost altogether by events. Before the Revolutionary period there was little oratory of any kind. In both North and South men were too much concerned with immediate problems of pioneer life to care to talk much. The autocratic methods of the colonial governors gave little chance for political discussion. The pulpit, which was the only place where oratory might have been expected, was too much given to theological analysis to foster eloquence.

With the tumult of the Revolutionary period, however, American oratory may be said to have begun. The two kinds of oratory appeared together: the incisive, spontaneous speech was the summons to the maintenance of liberty; the formal, elaborated speech was the forensic defense of the position taken by the colonies. The former was hardly more than the trumpet-blast, or the shout of the horseman rousing the minutemen; the latter was in all but substance more British than American. Of the former there was scarcely any possibility of record; of the latter there are a number of splendid examples preserved. Much of James Otis's speech on the Writs of Assistance could easily have been delivered in the English House of Commons. Such men as John Dickinson and Samuel Adams thought in the same terms that were used in the English Parliamentary Reports of their day. Yet, in spite of the nearness of such sound models, the bombastic element entered into American oratory even then.

The War for Independence, which burnt into the American people a love of liberty, destroyed educational opportunities for the rising generation. After the Revolutionary orators died, there were none prepared to take their places. John Quincy Adams and Fisher Ames remained as model orators to be admired and copied by an untutored generation. This year one could have heard in many New England villages on Memorial Day orations which could be recognized in their family likeness to those of a century ago. We can almost hear the sound of the brass band and the voice of the peanut vender in such a sentence as this of John Quincy Adams: "Instead of returning the sentiments of fraternal affection which animated the Americans, they indulged their vanity with preposterous opinions of insulting superiority."

With the rise of political parties, however, came motives for genuineness. The national feeling aroused by resentment against Great Britain's course in impressing American seamen cultivated new powers of response in the people. Oratory swung toward the incisive and the homely. With Clay began a line of American orators who were trained to admire form and yet were irresistibly impelled to use every means to achieve persuasion—Wirt, Randolph, Clay, Pinkney, Benton, Hayne, Webster, Legaré, Calhoun—true orators, every one. They lived in a time when the significance of sectional feeling was becoming apparent, and when men resorted to such desperate measures as nullification and compromise in order to preserve the Union. Yet the tumult was not so great but that some degree of artificiality pervaded even the most genuine oratory. When the strain was tense, as in Hayne's challenge to Massachusetts, Webster replied with directness and even with a heavy sarcastic humor; but in his use of the word "mariner" in his opening sentence we can discover his self-conscious attempt to be literary. And when the strain was relaxed, as in the oration at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument, we find him just as pompous as his auditors expected him to be. "Venerable men! . . . Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives. . . . Behold how altered! . . . Yonder proud ships by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount . . ." and so on to his own undoubted pleasure.

During the truce of compromise that preceded the Civil War, Everett represented supremely the farthest swing of the pendulum toward the conscious imitation of the classic model. With the first threatenings of the renewal of the "irrepressible conflict" the pendulum began to swing in the other direction. Invective and ridicule common among the

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people could not be met with turgid periods. With characteristic adaptiveness, America responded to the needs of the times by producing Wendell Phillips, William H. Seward (whose speech on Secession is a masterpiece of impromptu address), Robert Toombs, and Stephen A. Douglas. And when the war broke in all its fury, there was little of the artificial left in the oratory of America. The speeches of two such unlike men as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher resemble each other in this one respect: their use of plain language for immediate effect.

In the volumes of "The World's Orators," including the best orations from the days of Greece and Rome to the days of Reconstruction in America, it is gratifying to the lover of America to find the American oration worthy to be compared with the best that the Old World has produced. If, as the editor of these volumes declares, oratory is a branch of literature, even then the comparison can bring pride to the American patriot. But if oratory is a distinctive art, with aims and methods of its own, as we believe, then it would be hard to prove that American oratory is not supreme. Nowhere else in the world have the three elements of oratory—the audience, the occasion, and the speaker—been so well adjusted as in America. The American people from the first have been an oration-loving people. As Mr. Wendell in his "Literary History of America" has pointed out, the early concerns of the English settlers of America were religion and the common law—two subjects that were specially adapted for treatment by the spoken word. Then, by their extreme Protestantism on the one hand, and by popular revolution, by severe practical tests of democratic experiments, and by self-established common schools on the other hand, they were trained to be intelligent, appreciative listeners. The same events that educated the audiences furnished occasions for oratory; and out of a people of declaimers (if not orators) arose the men adequate for the occasions and the audience.

All true art springs from the people. It is because the people of the United States have been a distinctively speech-hearing and speech-making people that this Nation has made a more worthy contribution to the art of oratory than to any other art. What the future contribution will be will depend upon the future training of the people. In that, two elements must be recognized: first, the admiration of the classic model, which, in spite of its tendency to develop "spread-eagleism," has given to American oratory elements of permanence; second, free popular discussion, which in this country is synonymous with love of liberty itself. So long as these two elements are preserved American oratory will be both elegant and genuine.

The Burial of Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa

By Florence Earle Coates

Where shall we lay you down to rest?
Where will you sleep the very best?
Mirthful and tender, dear and true—
Where shall we find a grave for you?

They thought of a spirit as brave as light,
And they bore him up to a lonely height,
And they laid him there, where he loved to be,
On a mountain gazing o'er the sea!

They thought of a soul aflood with song,
And they buried him where, the summer long,
Myriad birds his requiem sing,
And the echoing woods about him ring!

They thought of a love that life redeems,
Of a heart the home of perfect dreams,
And they left him there, where the worlds aspire
In the sunrise glow and the sunset fire!

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Back to the Soil. By Bradley Gilman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 242 pages. $1.25.
This volume has so much good humor and good feeling, such a good philosophy back of it and such a good ideal ahead of it, that the reviewer regrets his inability to concur with Dr. Edward Everett Hale's judgment, expressed in a preface, that it is an important contribution to the work of "urbanizing the country." The narrative through which the thought of the book is expressed is a simple, lively, natural account of the way in which the parson author and his friends were driven into making the experiment commended to others as the way out from the slums to wholesome surroundings. The craving for companionship is recognized as the great present obstacle to the needed exodus, and the author plans to meet this craving by making the farms of the colony concentric, with the farmhouses all circling about an inner public plot, on which church, school, hall, etc., are located. The general plan is thus quite similar to that commended so forcibly by Mr. William E. Smythe in his articles upon co-operative experiments in the West. The colony is not to be socialistic, but to be based upon "co-operative individualism." Thus far all is clear sailing, and the author up to this point successfully avoids the objections to his plan which a sympathetic reader would be likely to suggest. When, however, he elaborates his plan still further, and makes a hundred lots abut upon his inner circle and widen into farms further back, and then proceeds to collect the city families to live in his philanthropically managed farm colony, the objections that present themselves both from the standpoint of economy and of human nature multiply until they overwhelm. The inner circle is nearly half a mile in diameter, the abutting portions of the farms but sixty feet in width, the larger farms a mile in length, and everything is done in approved ways for people who of themselves would do them quite differently. As a practical suggestion to philanthropists the book is not a success, but it has its value as an inspiration to co-operators who at some time in some way will of their own motion realize some of its ideals. The principal thing needed in the slums is the desire for the surroundings of "Circle City," and the intellectual and moral resources to make rural life attractive. The next thing needed is cheap transit to the suburbs for those who have the needed desires and resources. When these things are secured for the picked individuals, their voluntary co-operation may carry forward the collective activities commended in this volume.

Backwoodsman (The). By H. A. Stanley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 371 pages. $1.50.
A wholesome story of the Revolutionary period, dealing with the camp life, battlefields, and scouting experiences of the Mohawk Valley. The incidents of the story cluster around that important achievement in early New York history, when General Sullivan led his small army through the interior of the State, and by masterly maneuvers and scouting surprises broke up the power of the Six Nations, rendering them unable to be longer allies to the English, and thereby materially hastening the end of the war. Of all this, very little concerning which has been used in fiction, the story gives a capital account.

Bad Penny (A). By John T. Wheelwright. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 162 pages. 50c.
A fine and spirited story to delight the hearts of boys. The scenes are laid in and around the period of the Revolutionary War, and the famous fight of the Chesapeake and Shannon in Massachusetts Bay, which resulted in the death of Lawrence, is one of the features of the story.

Bears of Blue River (The). By Charles Major. Illustrated. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 277 pages. $1.25, net.
It will not be surprising if there are those to be found who prefer Mr. Major's book about bears to his enormously popular "When Knighthood was in Flower." These are stories about bears and boys, written for boys, and sure to hold them in breathless interest. The book is illustrated, the pictures varying considerably in merit.

Black Tortoise (The). By Fredrik Viller. Translated from the Norwegian by Gertrude Hughes Breakstad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 282 pages. $1.50.
Here is a Norwegian writer of detective stories who may make Dr. Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" and Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" look to their laurels. A better tale of the kind we have not often read. The plot turns upon an interesting point in photography, and the mystery is exceedingly well maintained. The amateur photographer may feel some doubt as to the possibility of taking, even in Norway, a successful film snapshot at half-past six in the evening in a room which has a skylight but no windows.

Cant and the Canteen. By S. B. Dexter. The Henneberry Co., Chicago. 4×6½ in. 139 pages. 50c.
In an editorial paragraph elsewhere some comment is made on this plea for the canteen.

Captain Ravenshaw. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 369 pages. $1.50.
Mr. Stephens's books have been well received by the reading public. This is particularly true of "Philip Winwood," which was a well-told tale of the Revolution. The present novel has its scene and characters placed in the Elizabethan era, and its hero is a roaring

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roysterer of a type familiar to the readers of sixteenth-century drama. Mr. Stephens has evidently studied the manners and social usages of the era with assiduity, and his book is unusually successful in giving a clear, animated picture of the people and time of which he treats. Considered purely and simply as a piece of fiction, the plot appears to us to be clumsy and the characters to be superficially drawn.

Elizabeth Stoddard's Works: Two Men; Temple House; The Morgesons. (Library Edition.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in.

The admirers of Mrs. Stoddard's admirable and unusual work in fiction will be glad to have her three novels in a permanent and in every way acceptable edition. We hope to speak at a later date with some thoroughness of Mrs. Stoddard's place in American fiction and the quality of her writing.

Eternal City (The). By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 638 pages. $1.50.

The unusual length (the volume has nearly 650 pages in closely printed type) and the serious purpose of Mr. Caine's widely announced story about Rome make it desirable to retain this work for future and somewhat elaborate notice.

Expositor's Bible (The). Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. In 6 vols. Vols. IV., V., VI. 6½×10 in. $4 per volume.

This edition, as stated in noticing its first three volumes, is the presentation of a well-known work in a more compact and less expensive form. Interest in it is indicated by the inquiries about it occasionally coming to The Outlook. Previous statements may therefore be briefly repeated. It is the joint product of British scholars and theologians, belonging both to the Established and the Free churches, and is conservatively, sometimes stiffly, orthodox in its general views. Its aim is, as its title intimates, the exposition, not the criticism, of the sacred books. Critical questions are, therefore, rarely raised or discussed. What it does not undertake thus to supply is easily procurable from other sources, and such lack nowise detracts from its merit as a thesaurus of homiletical material, in which it is remarkably rich. The collaborators are not all equally gifted or of identical views, and there is some resulting unevenness of execution, as well as a varying breadth of horizon. In the three volumes now in hand, Jeremiah, as expounded by Mr. Ball and Professor Bennett, Daniel, by Dean Farrar, The Twelve (or "Minor") Prophets, by Professor G. A. Smith, John, by Dr. Dods, Hebrews, by Principal Edwards, and Revelation, by Professor Milligan, are among the portions that most command attention. For the uses of a practical commentary, aiming merely to illuminate and inculcate the religious lessons of the Scriptures, the Expositor's Bible holds, at present, the first rank.

Fairy of the Rhone (The). By A. Comyns Carr. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 69 pages. 50c.

An entertaining and artistically illustrated fairy tale for children—wholesome of tone.

Famous Actresses of the Day in America. (Second Series.) By Lewis C. Strang. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 340 pages. $1.50.

Brief sketches are here given, together with an account of the plays which have made popular the most widely known present-day actresses. They include Julia Marlowe, Mary Mannering, Viola Allen, Amelia Bingham, and many others.

Findelkind. By Louise de la Ramée (Ouida). Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 63 pages. 50c.

One of those ideal and poetic fairy tales which make one wonder at the versatility and mental resources of this remarkable woman and writer.

Food Value of Meat (The). Flesh Food Not Essential to Mental and Physical Vigor. Illustrated. By W. R. C. Latson M.D. The Health-Culture Co., New York. 5×7 in. 72 pages. 50c.

Four Gospels (The): St. John, St. Luke, St. Matthew, and St. Mark. In Separate Vols. (New Vest-Pocket Edition.) The American Bible Society, New York. 2¾×4½ in. 2 cents each.

Gatty and I. By Frances E. Crompton. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 116 pages. 50c.

A charming little tale of the babyhood, love, childhood development, and experiences of a pair of twins.

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) Vols. IX. and X. **Daniel Deronda.** Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. Per vol., $1.50.

Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics (The). Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. (Popular Edition.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 330 pages. $1.

This is a popular and fairly well selected example of the work of widely known poets; though the grouping of them serves to accent the great difference in their quality. Of the older poets they range from Lowell, Emerson, Thoreau, E. A. Poe, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, down to the minor poets of the South and West; and take in such poets of the present as Hovey, Gilder, Bliss Carman, and Louise Chandler Moulton. One or two little lyrics by Miss Guiney are among the most touching and tuneful of those of the latter-day choir.

Heritage of Peril (The). By Arthur W. Marchmont. Illustrated. The New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.25.

This is a story of action and adventure of the most pronounced type. The drama is played out chiefly between two sisters of somewhat questionable antecedents, a masquerading Frenchman with a criminal background, an Englishwoman of title and sentimentality in love with the latter, and a titled Englishman of rakish proclivities. Among these the action is so incessant that the reader holds his breath in expectation of the end, while the plot is so intricate and ingenious as to baffle all anticipation of its possible unravelment. In style the story is clever and well handled.

Jan Oxber: Love in Our Village. By Orme Agnus. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 2 vols. Per set, $2.

In grasp, virility of style, and general handling, this book, compared with the average current

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novel, seems to take us back to the force and pith of primitive human nature. It is in every sense of the word a remarkable work of fiction. The scenes are all laid in rural England, and chiefly among the peasantry of Dorset. The hero, Jan Oxber, in his native force, fiery fearlessness, yet ever-present sense of justice underlying all, is not an easy character to handle, but is admirably drawn. The social contrasts are sharply drawn and the differentiations of character cut with clearness and precision.

Keats's Complete Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 5 vols. Sold only in sets, $3.75.

This edition has an exceedingly dainty and inviting form. The volumes are small and easy to the hand, the print and the decoration are in every way tasteful, and the set of books is inclosed in a case which is both attractive and substantial. We know of no other set at moderate price as satisfactory for the ordinary library as this, and it would certainly be well also to bear this edition in mind in planning for holiday presents of books.

Modern American Bible (The): S. Luke. By Frank Schell Ballentine. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 3¾×6 in. 331 pages. 50c.

This fresh volume of Mr. Ballentine's translation shows, like the preceding, that he combines a fair perception of literary form with an appreciation of the value of popular idioms. In his proclivity to these the judicious will hardly go all lengths with him, nor does he seem even consistent with himself. If the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is to be made more significant to the plain man by calling it the parable of "the Pharisee and the Saloon-keeper," the plain man certainly needs help with the strange word Pharisee. And if baptize and the words formed from it must be changed for understanding's sake into purify, etc., why must not the more difficult word circumcise and its derivatives have as much done for them? The idea of purification inheres in the one as much as in the other. It seems futile to undertake to make the Bible or any serious book intelligible to everybody without a dictionary for help with unfamiliar words. What better understanding is imparted by changing "John the Baptist" into "John the Purifier"? Mr. Ballentine has done well in his modernization of many passages, but he would have done better in recognizing the difference between enough of that and too much.

Pulpit Points from the Latest Literature. By J. F. B. Tingling, B.A. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5¼×8 in. 338 pages. $1.40.

Not only the preacher but the platform speaker may derive much help from this volume for the illustration of a very wide variety of subjects not necessarily of a religious character, including such, for instance, as "imperialism" and "woman suffrage." A thousand topics are here illustrated by extracts not yet staled by use, which have been drawn from the best sources. The compiler has shown good judgment, and has made as good a book of the sort as there is. A book of this kind, to be of the best, requires to be fresh, and so an annual publication of the same kind is contemplated, if the demand for the present volume should justify the undertaking.

Selections from Five English Poets. Edited by Mary E. Litchfield. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 104 pages.

Sermons on the Psalms. Sermons on Isaiah. Eugène Bersier's Pulpit. By J. F. B. Tingling, B.A. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½×7½ in. 50c. each.

Used in an independent spirit with discriminating judgment, these skeletons of numerous sermons by distinguished preachers, American and British, may give new points of view and helpful hints to hard-worked pastors for the preparation either of formal discourses or informal addresses. Bersier, of Paris, it should be added, is a name of eminent note among French Protestants.

Supreme Surrender (The). By A. Maurice Low. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

We have here a powerful study in the mingled contrasts of Washington life. It is first and last a love story, and of the sort which does not relax its grip till the last line is reached. The love element is that between the daughter of a Cabinet minister and one of the most powerful members of the Senate, who is also a married man. The love begins almost at sight and is of the elemental type. There is little attempt at subterfuge or veiling, and ere long a mutual confession takes place. The art of the story is felt in the clean moral altitude at which the author holds these two people. It is felt that tragedy alone must be the logical outcome, and in this the reader is not disappointed. Many characters flit on the scene; there is much clever talk, pointing in a cynical way at the political situation of the country.

Thoroughbred Mongrel (A). By Stephen Townesend, F.R.C.S. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 175 pages. $1.25.

This autobiography of a dog, told by a lover of dogs, and with a preface by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is an amusing little volume. The dog, "Hett," in relating how a London, Cockney, mongrel cur was palmed off on a lady of fashion as a Mexican thoroughbred, reveals dog life from a dog's point of view, and incidentally shows how close a similarity exists between canine and human feelings. The book is entertaining in its sly touches of quaint humor.

Why, When, and How of Revivals (The). By Bishop W. F. Mallalieu. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 160 pages. 75c.

This little book is characterized by practical common sense, simplicity, and Christian earnestness to follow the old ways. We regret to find any good man thinking that constructive effort to promote religious life requires to be supplemented by attacks on "liberals" and "higher critics," as aligned with enemies of the Christian faith. It is mainly unjust and thoroughly unwise thus to sow suspicion of a class most of whom are sincerely concerned for the essentials of religion.

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Correspondence

The Boer Prisoners in Bermuda

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your readers have seen, perhaps, in the London "Times" a letter from Bermuda describing the efforts which the Boer prisoners of war in Bermuda make to earn little comforts for themselves such as rejoice the hearts of prisoners. We have received a similar letter at Lend-a-Hand office. Will you say to your readers that we shall have a little deposit here of these curios, which we will be glad to send to anybody who cares to help these poor fellows along. I should think they would be acceptable at fairs, certainly acceptable among people who settled in Manhattan in 1614 or earlier. Or if anybody likes to send us money for these poor fellows and does not care to receive anything in return, we will use his money in buying Dutch books and newspapers for the reading-room which their friends propose in Bermuda.

The Boer war will soon be over. Does any one want to hire, for a term of months, some poor prisoner, now in Bermuda, who would like to try his fortunes in America?

EDWARD E. HALE.

1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Cuban Conditions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Like all those who live in Cuba and are in a position to hear "inside" history, the "Talk with General Wood," by Mr. Edward Marshall, was a matter of great interest to me. General Wood is not to be blamed if he takes a roseate view of affairs Cuban, and no man who is at all fair-minded will refuse to the Governor-General the highest praise for his earnest, efficient, and honest work. But with Mr. Marshall's own statements conditions are different, and he should unhesitatingly tell the whole truth. It is *not* true that "the report which had animated Señor Bock's letter was a canard, pure and simple." If it had been so, would a troop of the Seventh Cavalry have been sent into the province of Pinar del Rio to try to find the brigands? If it had been so, would one of the officials of the Western Railroad, which runs into that district, have declared that they were carrying no freight at all, in spite of the fact that the time of the occurrence was in the height of the tobacco season? This official said that the growers simply could not ship, as they were in terror of a few hundred men in league with the Rural Guard. These men, banded together only in twos or threes, would send word that if the planter did not pay a certain sum they would burn down his storehouse. Cubans are not like Americans, and do not dare to face such threats, so they pay the money rather than see their season's crop destroyed under their eyes in a moment. The storehouses are nothing but palm-thatched huts, and a stealthy approach in the night, a wax match, and the whole work is accomplished.

Captain Slocum knows perfectly well that the Rural Guards are in league with these lawless fellows. He is constantly making inspection tours in the fruitless effort to keep the Guards straight. Everything that the Government can do is done to keep the lawbreakers in order, but the fault lies in the native. So long has he lived under corruption and disorder that, on the one hand, he is more inclined to demand tribute than to work honestly; on the other, he is so used to paying it in some form or other that he sees nothing shameful in his cowardice.

A SUBSCRIBER IN CUBA.

Service Pensions Proposed

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Noting your comments on "Defects in the Pension System," I am led to inquire, Are not the present pension laws, now on the statute-books, so framed that the applicant for a pension has the opportunity opened before him for perjury and fraud, thereby tempting him to do that which is wrong in order to secure his claim? Would it not be far better for the Government to enact a service pension law, giving every man who endured the strain of those memorable years a pension in proportion to the time he served?

I was three years at the front, was seriously disabled by reason of sickness contracted in the swamps in the rear of

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Vicksburg during the siege in the summer of 1863, also in the damp underground bomb proofs in Fort Sedgwick (Fort Hell) before Petersburg. I would not consent to be taken to the hospital, for I felt I should surely die if I went there. I was mustered out of the service a physical wreck of my former self, and am to-day wholly incapacitated, by reason of physical disability, to earn my living for self and family; and yet, when I have asked for a pension, I am rejected, while others, who rendered very little service compared with mine, experience no difficulty in getting on the pension rolls.

It seems to me that the present pension system is all wrong, and that it should be radically changed by abolishing the vast number of pension examining boards, together with the great army of special examiners that go about the country hunting for fraud; and simply place those names on the roll whose deeds have an honorable record in the books of the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington.

JAMES F. MERRILL,
Late Private, Sergeant, Second and First Lieutenant Seventh Rhode Island Volunteers.

Quincy, Mass.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Can you tell me of any arranged course of Bible study containing the latest results of modern criticism? (Such a course as Miss Petrie's "Clews to Holy Writ," I mean.) 2. What books on the Bible would best help me to present the latest critical results or conclusions to a class of young people? 3. How can I best prepare some short papers on Congregationalism, suited to intelligent young people? 4. Do you know of any paper or magazine at the present time calling for prize stories or essays?

A. L. O. E.

1. Mr. W. L. Sheldon's "Class Readings" (The Unity Company, Chicago) may be adapted to your purpose. It is so prepared as to be serviceable to those of various creeds. 2. See Professor Batten's "Modern View of the Old Testament" (James Pott & Co., New York), Muzzey's "Rise of the New Testament," and Professor Gould's "Biblical Theology of the New Testament" (The Macmillan Company, New York); also Bennett and Adeney's "Introduction to the Bible" (T. Whittaker, New York). 3. See Dexter's "Lectures on Congregationalism" (The Pilgrim Press, Boston), Bacon's "Genesis of the New England Churches" (Harper & Brothers, New York), Byington's "The Puritan in New England" (Roberts Brothers, Boston), Walker's "Ten New England Leaders," Alice Morse Earle's "The Sabbath in Puritan New England" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Howe's "Puritan Republic" (Bowen-Merrill Co., Cincinnati). 4. We do not.

Please mention a few books that could be useful and suggestive to a theological student preparing to write an essay upon Methods of Evangelization.

CH. J.

For varied aspects of the subject, see Dr. Gladden's "The Christian Pastor" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Puddefoot's "The Minute Man on the Frontier" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), Gibson's "Mission Methods and Problems in South China" (The Revell Company, New York), Mead's "Modern Methods in Church Work" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

Kindly tell me where I can find the most able and up-to-date work on Psychology; also the results of psychic laboratory investigations.

E. L. T.

Beside the well known standard works of Professors James, J. Mark Baldwin, and Ladd, may be mentioned a work of high merit about to appear from Miss Calkins, the accomplished Professor of Psychology at Wellesley College, with the latest results of laboratory practice (The Macmillan Company, New York).

A few years ago there met, in Chicago, representatives of different religions (including Jews and Roman Catholics), who revised the Bible, leaving out all parts objectionable to any of the faiths. This edition was printed for use in public schools. Can you give me any more information about it—the price and the publishers?

M. R.

The revision of the Bible by men of different creeds in Chicago, as described by you, was probably the preparation of a book of Biblical selections for use by schools in which pupils of different creeds were found. We have heard that such a book was prepared. Perhaps you might ascertain the fact, or procure a copy, by addressing the Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

I am looking for a popular exposition of present-day theology suitable for a pastor's class. I want something shorter and less technical than Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology," or Gordon's "New Epoch for Faith." A book in theology like what Everett's "Ethics for Young People" or Hyde's "Practical Ethics" is in ethics would be just about what I am hoping to find. Can you advise me?

A. V. B.

See President Hyde's "God's Education of Man" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25); also the Rev. C. F. Dole's "The Religion of a Gentleman" (the same).

Can you give any hints as to what a young man may read that will assist him in preparing to preach on the Seventh Commandment of the Decalogue before a congregation? How to be able to bring the wholesome truth before the people without offending in the matter of good taste is the question.

P. B.

Reading such expositions of the Decalogue as Dr. Dale's on "The Ten Commandments" and Dean Farrar's "The Voice from Sinai" will probably give you adequate suggestions.

"What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames,"

is from a poem on the Church Catechism in Keble's "Christian Year," the stanza running thus:

"Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages," etc.

L. M. D.

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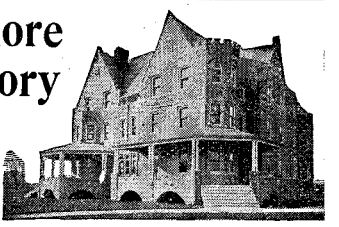

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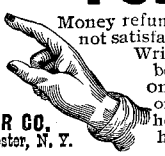

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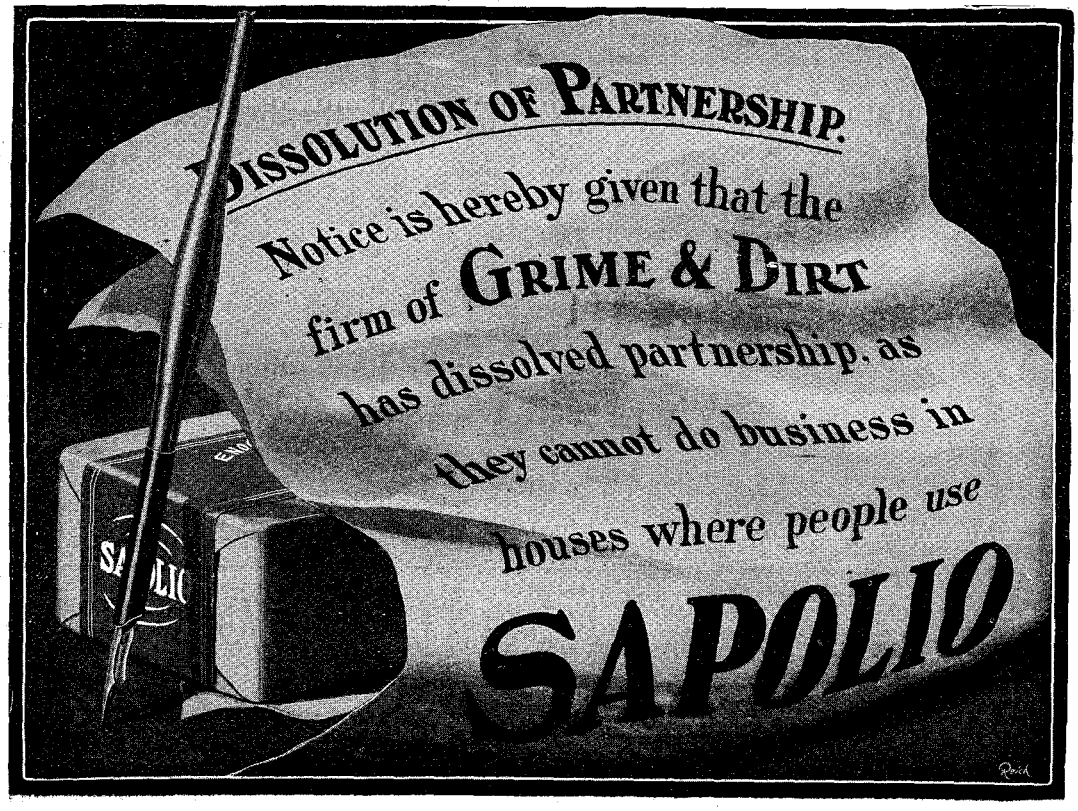
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